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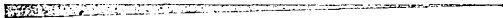
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SAILOR BOYS;

OR,

LIGHT ON THE SEA.

BY

REV. S. W. HANKS,

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY BOSTON SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

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PREFACE.

THIS book scarcely needs a preface. It is a continuation of "*Light on the Ocean*," the large sale of which has led to the preparation of this volume. Most of the matter has been published before in the *Sailors' Magazine* and other periodicals, and is collected in this book with the hope that it will be useful in directing attention to the rapidly increasing class, many of which are young men and boys, "that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters."

S. W. H.

(3)



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SAILOR BOYS;

OR,

LIGHT ON THE SEA.



THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

“MOTHER, I will be every thing to you that I can be; I promise you that.”

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. The earnest blue eye looked fondly in the face that bent over him. There was a world of love in his soul, — a love that was not only lip-deep, but was proved by acts of self-denial.

They were poor — that mother and son — oh, how poor they were! You could almost see how poverty had drifted over every thing about them, — drifted whitely over the pine chairs and tables, — drifted over the humble quilt that had grown so faded, — drifted over their clothes, and through them, till patch after patch was placed on the sad havoc that pitiless, drifting want had made.

But in holy heart-love they were richer than the Rothschilds; yes, out of their bank in heaven — that bank directors here might sneer at — they drew every day, every hour, uncounted treasure.

“Mother, I will be every thing to you that I can be; I promise you that.”

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because, as he spoke, there came tears to his mother’s eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a little country store, — five miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where

they lived. It was but a small pittance ; but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing ; could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

One dollar a week ! It was a very little sum, but better, much better, than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother ; for a pressure of that feeble hand ; for the tender Christian words that came from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after his day's hard work, to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was. Often he came bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid, because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window facing the hilly road along which the hay wagons went on their way to the

city, and said, as she saw the twilight deepening earlier than its wont, "He will not come to-night."

No; he would not surely come that night,—the wind blew fiercely, and sent the branches of the old apple-tree rattling against the clapboards, and threw the rain, as with a spite, over the little windows, sheeting them, and making dreary music. So the widow, quite confident that Henry would not venture out in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and, putting out her little light, went to rest.

She knew not how long she had slept, when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice so dear to her, was crying, "Mother, mother!" At first she thought it a dream, but, listening intently, she heard, blending with the wail of the wind, that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastening the door, and, behold, there stood

Henry, a piteous sight, indeed, covered with mire, literally from head to foot. His face was wet; but the honest, happy smile was by no ways abated.

“My boy, how could you come on such a night?” exclaimed the widow.

“Why, mother, storm couldn’t keep me from you,” was his hearty response. “I’ve had the greatest time though, you ever did see, — lost my way, got into a creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come, for S. gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew how much you needed it.”

“My dear boy!” sprang from the mother’s full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheeks.

“I wonder I haven’t thought before,” she said, musingly. “After this I’ll put a light in the window. To be sure it won’t show far; but when you get to the top of the hill, it will be pleasant to see it, and know that I am watching for you.”

For three years the lamp was placed in

the little window every night. People often remarked it; and "as bright as Mother Locke's little window" became a favorite saying.

At the end of that time, young Henry was offered a good chance on board of a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him none knew what a struggle to part from the being he loved with an almost idolatrous affection. But he knew that the time had come when he must go forth into the world to do battle for himself and for her; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when, with a trembling lip she parted from him, "as if I must still put the light in the little window. I shall think sometimes that I hear the sound of your footsteps, the click of the latch, and your pleasant voice. O Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

"Mother, God will do that," said Henry,

pointing to the glowing heavens. "God will light me through storm and through calm; but, mother, I shall think every night that the lamp is in the window; that you sit near it; that somebody blesses you for the guiding ray, and, above all, that you are praying for me."

The long voyage was almost ended, but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet, with unfailing regularity, with feeble step and tremulous hand, nightly the dear woman trimmed the little lamp, and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon her bed, and the neighbors came in to care for her, she would say, "Put the little lamp in the window; my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and even until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying some-

times, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps? Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out?"

"Pray with me," she murmured, "that I may see him before I die. Oh, for this most precious boon!"

In vain all prayer. Slowly, more slowly, the wheels went round, and the pulses, like ebbing drops, fell fainter and fewer, until one calm night in summer, the waters were scarcely stirred.

She lay quietly, a smile upon her lips, her eyes closed, her hands folded.

"I have longed to see him," she said; "I have prayed earnestly; but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world.

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked, suddenly, earnestly, a few moments after; "it is growing dark."

Alas! it was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands were cold. Over her counte-

nance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

“ Oh, my boy ! my boy ! ” she whispered ; “ tell him ” — they bent lower to catch the falling words — “ tell him I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there.”

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken when the shadow dropped from the suffering face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

A funeral followed ; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet ; and on the hill-side, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from her decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous, than young Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea-life, so far unscathed. No

blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at nightfall his feet had been turned toward the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her! Strangely enough he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that, perhaps, her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no! he only thought of the pleasant light in the window, that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful and bland was the day on which he travelled again the long accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother! She would never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. That old arm-chair,—she should have a new one, easy in motion, elegant in material. The faded shawl that he had seen folded and refolded year after year; and

that old-fashioned bonnet, with its one band of crape; these, yes, every thing should be replaced with new and better. The flowers on the road all smiled as he looked toward them; the very kine seemed to him turning their meek eyes at the sound of strange footsteps, to know that his heart was glad with love and anticipation. Hope on, dreamer! Yonder comes one who trudges along laggingly,—a farmer, in heavy boots and frock, with his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, but suddenly stops, amazed.

“I see you know me,” said the young sailor, smiling. “Well, farmer Brown, how is ——”

“Know you? why, how tall you are! So”—his eye drops, his mouth trembles—“so you’ve got home.”

“Yes, and glad enough to get back,—how’s my mother?”

“Your—mother”—he says it in that slow, hesitating way that telegraphs ill tidings before they are told in words.

“Yes,—is she well? Is she expecting me? Of course she is; we’re late by a month, full.”

“Your mother, Henry, well—the old lady”—He plays with his whip, or, rather strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart!

“There, you need not speak!” cried the young man in a voice of sudden anguish; and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer’s side, and buried his face in his hands.

“Henry, my poor lad, your mother is——.”

“Don’t! don’t!” cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled. “Oh, my mother! my mother!—she is gone, gone—and I coming home so happy!”

For some moments he sobbed as in agony. How dreary the world had grown! The flowers had lost fragrance, the sun warmth; his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?" it seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes, says she—so my wife told me, and so the minister said—'Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there.'"

"Did she, oh, did she say that? God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think you are still waiting for me. I could not see you in those long years; but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know the light is burning, I will come, mother."

Slowly and reverently he went to the

hill-side graveyard, and there he knelt and wept upon her lonely grave. But not there he thought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments, he saw the beautiful soul he had called mother, and streaming from the brightness of her glorious home, a slender beam seemed to come trembling to his very feet. Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he last left her. Nothing was removed, but, oh, how much was wanting! There, on the window sill, stood the little lamp, *that* brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible, and, kneeling by the bedside, as if she could hear him, he sought her Saviour, and consecrated himself to a work of righteousness. From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.

"LET GO THAT STERN LINE."

I ONCE stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea; the topsails and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards stretched out ready to run it up. Just at that moment, the pilot sprung from the wharf to the quarter deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command, "Are you all ready?" "All ready, sir," said the officer.

Then the command: "Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line! Let go!—Man the topsail halyards! Run 'em up boys,—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet! She pays off fine—there she goes, and—Hilloa! Hilloa! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!" shouted the pilot. "What holds her? Is

there any thing foul aft, there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber head; heave off that turn!" "It's foul ashore, sir," said one of the crew. "Then cut it, cut it! D'ye hear? Never mind the hawser. Cut it before she loses her way." By this time there was a taut strain on the hawser; a seaman drew his sheath knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forced ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the "Billow" filled away.

Young man! you use *profane language*. "You take the name of God in vain." You must let go that line. God declares that "he will not hold them guiltless that take his name in vain." Christ commands, "Swear not at all." Do you say, "I know it is a bad habit?" Then *let it go!* Cut it. Better cut the hawser than lose the craft.

One is held by *lust*, another by *pride*, another by *love of money* which is the

“root of all evil;” another is careless, — but these are all strands in the hawser of *unbelief*. Let them all go!

Another strong line that holds the soul fast in its thrall is the love of, or the use of *intoxicating drinks*. How many has it drawn from the bar of the rum shop or steamboat, to the bar of the criminal court, and thence to the gallows, — and too often to the drunkard’s grave and the bar of judgment. The rest you know. God declares, “The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.” Let go *that* line! Do you plead for the stimulus and excitement? Let it go. If it be as dear as a right hand, cut it off! If it be as dear as a right eye, pluck it out. *Now! Quick! —*
THE SEA.

THE CABIN-BOY.

A LITTLE brown cottage stood all alone at the point of that long strip of ground which the villagers called "Land's End." Round three sides of this lonely dwelling, the curling sea-waves dashed on a rocky strand, and often sent the salt spray into the window and door. An old fishing-boat lay in front, and a potato patch at the back of the cottage, and these two possessions formed the entire fortune of the inmates.

And who were they? A poor widow called Connor, and her only son, Jack, a boy about twelve years old. They lived here when summer suns shone, or the quiet moon looked down and made a bright pathway of light across the calm waters; and here they lived, too, when winter winds howled and the noise of the waves joined the wild music of the storm. All

within that cottage was very poor. An earthen floor and an old-fashioned fireplace, a bedstead, two broken chairs and a stool, a chest, which served also as a table, a cupboard in one corner and a fishing-net in another, a well-rigged ship in the window-seat and a few common pictures on the walls, were the only things to strike a stranger on entering; except, indeed, Jack happened to be at home, as he seldom was while daylight lasted, and then one could not help observing what a bright eye beamed under his sunburnt brow. And an intelligent boy Jack was, though he had been very little at school, and had no lesson-book except the old well-worn Bible out of which his mother had taught him to read. But the ocean had been a sort of schoolmaster to him, and he knew more about winds and tides, shells and seaweeds, fish and fowl, than most boys of his age. Since ever he could remember, his days were spent about that rough

shore. The waves brought him drift-wood for the fire, and "wrack" for the potato garden, and supplied many a plentiful meal of fish.

But as Jack grew older, he felt a great desire to see the world, and not only be able to earn his own bread, but perhaps to provide for his mother better than he could do by staying home. How long these wishes might have been forming themselves into realities we cannot say, had not a very unexpected event opened up his path.

One fine summer afternoon, when Jack and his mother had just returned from selling a load of fish in the market-town, an unlooked-for visitor arrived at their humble home in the form of a letter with two postmarks and a great red seal. It was soon opened, and the name, Tom White, at the end, told that it came from an old neighbor, who had done them many a good turn in former days, and was now

boatswain of an East Indiaman. Like most sailors' letters, it began by expressing a wish that it might find the receiver in good health, and concluded with a great number of kind messages to all inquiring friends. But between both ends it managed to convey the information that a cabin-boy was wanted on board the "Sarah Anne," and that, if Jack applied, he would have a chance of the berth. He urged him to lose no time in reaching a seaport, forty miles distant, adding that his mother need not trouble herself about an outfit, for he would see every thing provided.

What a change that letter produced inside the little brown cottage! Love and fear struggled for victory in the widow's heart, while hope made the future look so bright to Jack, that he could scarcely believe the offer was real, and read the letter over and over to make sure it was written there. Long and late they sat by the drift-wood fire that night; and as the

widow talked the matter over with her son, she began to think that this proposal might be an answer to her prayers; so, telling Jack to go to bed, she promised to consult a friend, and tell him the result in the morning. Jack knew well who she meant, but asked no questions.

The returning dawn of a midsummer morning found the widow on her knees; but she rose with a calmer heart, though with weeping eyes, and was able to say, as she bent over the bed where Jack slept, and wakened him with a kiss, "You may go, my boy, with a mother's blessing. But remember, dear, wherever you go, God's eye is on you—in the light and in the dark. Don't swear, nor drink, nor steal. Never forget, Jack, to pray, and read the blessed book, which I will tie up in your bundle, whether they laugh at you or not; and oh, my child, as you cannot be good or happy without heavenly help, cling to the Saviour, put all your trust in him.

How could I face your father up there, if his own boy was not coming too ! ”

Sometimes things are finished in a short time, which could not have been done so well or so easily if a longer time had been given,—so with this parting. Before the sun had risen high above the hills, Jack was turning his back on his native village, poor in every thing except a brave heart and a mother's love. One night was spent on the road, and the next found him tired, footsore, and a little sore-hearted too, the accepted cabin-boy of the “ Sarah Anne.” Tom White had been looking for his arrival, for the vessel was to sail the next day ; but there was time enough to drop a line into the post, just to tell the widow how Jack got on.

For some weeks after leaving port the weather was fine, and the new cabin-boy, who was ready and obliging, performed his various duties better than could have been expected. All day long his hands were

kept so busy that he had little time to think; but at night his thoughts often carried him back to the old brown cottage, and in his dreams he was always there. So far, things had gone smoothly enough. But one evening, the ship was passing a foreign port, just as the sun was going down; heavy clouds hung round the sky, and the brisk gale which had been blowing all day rose into a storm that formed a crest of foam on the dark waves which thundered against the sides of the ship, and obliged the captain to give a hasty order for "all hands to reef topsails." This had scarcely been done when Jack saw at a short distance from the vessel an unexpected sight, which filled him with terror and surprise. The waves began to boil, and made a kind of hissing sound. Something like smoke appeared above the surface, and gradually rose higher and higher, with a whirling motion, until the angry clouds seemed to lap up the water with

their black mouths, and sea and sky were united by a hollow, horn-shaped column. Another and another appeared; and as the cloud to which they pointed was driven by the wind, they followed its movements toward the vessel without being broken.

Tom White stood by the cabin-boy's side, and hastily explained to him how these pillar-like waterspouts are raised by a whirlwind, just as he had often seen the autumn breezes raise a whirl of dust and leaves on the road at home, and, sweeping them round and round, finally lift them up in the middle and scatter them at the top. He added, that though waterspouts seldom last more than a few minutes, they are much dreaded by the seamen.

At that moment a flash of fire issued from one of the portholes of the vessel, followed by a peal like thunder. The captain having seen the danger, had ordered a cannon to be fired in the direction of the waterspouts, which burst with a terrible

noise, and gave the sailors wet jackets, but did no further harm. The waterspouts were gone, but not the storm. All night the brave ship tossed and reeled, now sinking into a valley of waters, now riding the toppling wave like a sea-bird. The very timbers creaked and groaned. The trembling helm quivered and started. During that fearful night the sailor's strength was tried as he staggered along the wave-washed deck. But it seemed still worse to Jack down below, when his time came for turning in. The pitchy darkness, the lashing sea, the howling winds, all made him afraid. As he lay for four hours swinging in his little hammock, his whole life passed before him in review. Young as he was, it had not been all it should have been. Indeed, conscience spoke out so loud as to be heard above the raging storm, and his mother's last words, "Cling to the Saviour; put your trust in him," were heartily turned into a prayer that he might be ena-

bled to do so. At daybreak the tempest was still fierce; but it was something to have light; and before noon the wind abated, the waves sank into a regular swell, the sails were once more unfurled, and the rudder obeyed the helmsman's hand.

It was Sunday, and seemed to have brought a Sabbath calm along with it. He who once walked the waters had said again, "Peace, be still." So Jack thought, as he sat in the corner of the cabin in a quiet moment, and read the story. "What are you doing there, Jack?" shouted a rough voice at his ear; "reading the Bible, I declare;" and the rough voice went off into a rougher laugh. Jack closed the book, and blushed, as if he had been doing something wrong. Just then, however, his mother's advice came to his mind like a soft whisper: "Read the blessed book, my boy, whether they laugh or not;" and he opened it once more. "This is God's

book, Ned," said the cabin-boy, "which he wishes every one to read and obey ; would you like to hear a little of it ?" " Well, I don't say much against that, seeing I have nothing else to do," replied Ned, in a careless way. Jack began to read aloud, and soon had more than one listener, for most of the men who were not on duty dozed away the spare hours, and were glad of any thing new to pass the time. Tom White had crept behind him unperceived, and brushed away a silent tear with his weather-beaten hand, as the sacred words were read.

This was only the beginning of a long course of Sunday readings, in which, though Jack had to bear many a joke and sneer, he persevered, as those only can who are resolved by God's grace to be good and do good. We are not to suppose, however, that every thing went quite smoothly with Jack from that day. Like the gallant ship herself, he had his trials, — fierce temp-

tations to sin, from without and within, and little falls, which always make way for greater ones. But he had taken the Bible for his chart, and looked to God, who has promised to bring those who trust him into the desired haven. And old ocean still taught the cabin-boy many a lesson. Its currents and tides, its calms and storms, its myriad forms of fish and flower, and shell and coral, plainly told him that one hand had made them all: the same hand, the Bible added, which was nailed to the cross.

Years have passed; Jack is a cabin-boy no longer, and takes care, now that he has become first mate, that his mother wants for nothing which can add to the comfort of her old age. She says that she expects to see him after his next voyage; but if they do not live to meet again, hopes to tell his sainted father in heaven that his boy is coming too.

A SAILOR'S NARRATIVE.

AT the age of seventeen years I ran away from home, and went to sea on a whaling voyage from New Bedford. From my earliest youth I had felt the strivings of God's Spirit, but had steeled my stubborn heart against his gracious influences. I mixed with sailors, and soon learned to drink and swear, and run into all sorts of sin and folly, not however without Conscience lifting her warning voice.

Often while at the masthead, on the look-out, have I vowed to turn to the Lord; but my resolves were made in my own strength, and, of course, only to be broken.

I still went on in all sorts of sin and folly, for the next eighteen months, visiting Sidney, N. S. W., and other ports in the South Pacific, but found no one to say a word to me about my soul.

In New Zealand, as our ship lay taking

in supplies, I went on board a ship returning home, to beg some novels. I found they had given them all away. One of the crew offered me some tracts if I would read them. I accepted them, but only to throw them into my chest to be forgotten.

Some time after, being at sea and having some leisure, I began, sailor-like, to overhaul my chest; when the tracts, which were sewed together, came in view. I sat down and read them. The first was "Lovest thou me?" and the last "The Swearer's prayer." My eyes were opened to see my misery and danger while reading these blessed tracts. I wondered that God allowed me to live,—me, who had been praying such prayers as to sink my soul in hell were God to answer them! These tracts pointed me to Christ as my only refuge and hope; but, like a great many, I tried to establish my own righteousness.

I would not give up all. I could not give up what are called "sentimental

songs." While I was reading God's word, and at prayer, I did get some light, but still felt I was in the gall of bitterness. The terrible oaths I had sworn were always coming to my remembrance. I used to exclaim, as St. Paul, "Oh! wretched man," etc.

I used to get into the hold to pray, at the masthead, on deck at night, or anywhere, so that I could offer the Publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

One night—I never shall forget that night as long as I live—I felt that I must perish if Christ did not save me. I knelt down in the forward part of the ship a little before eight bells. I felt I was unworthy to look up. I put my hands over my eyes, the tears running down my face. I looked to Jesus, crying, "Help me, oh save me, *now*, dear Lord! Thou must save, and thou alone." I felt all at once the misery gone—the load removed—my soul filled with joy.

I then could look up and praise the Lord. The stars seemed praising God. The waves seemed to have voices, and all praising God. The ship, as she bounded along, seemed to praise God, and I too praised God, and all that was in me praised and blessed His Holy Name. Oh ! what joy, what peace ! This is pardon, this is joy in the Holy Ghost. I felt I was in another world. I felt a new man. Old things had indeed passed away ; all things had become new. I now felt a love for my shipmates I had never felt before. They wondered to see me so changed. Some thought me beside myself as I reproved them for swearing, and told them what God had done for me. They could hardly believe it. He that was the greatest blasphemer reprov- ing them ! I was watched. They used to come and listen at my berth, as I knelt with my curtain drawn. But persecution soon came, and I became downcast, and thought I should never hold out ; but, as

I brought my case to the great Burden-Bearer, this promise seemed to ring in my ears, day after day, "My grace is sufficient for thee:" "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Blessed be God, I never doubted after that. I found my foundation was indeed the Rock of Ages.

No Christian friend to speak to, no one to sympathize with me, my only refuge was prayer; and oh, what sweet seasons I then enjoyed! It seemed as though I was indeed on the Mount of Transfiguration, when at the masthead looking out for whales, and lifting up my heart in prayer to God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost came down to visit poor unworthy me. Oh how sweet the communion! I used to sing, —

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this."

I was sorry when I was relieved by the next look-out; but as I went down upon

deck I felt my armor was buckled on afresh to stand and fight for my blessed Master. I always found Him there to help me, — His grace always sufficient. As I am writing I seem to live those happy days over again.

I often felt, What would I give to be amongst those that loved the Lord. How I longed to see a Christian! For twenty-two months after my conversion, I never saw one till going into the Island of Vonvon (Friendly Islands). Soon after coming to an anchor, we saw a brig coming in. As she passed us and dropped her anchor near, I saw on the stern "John Wesley," London. As the captain shouted "Man the boat," I was glad to get the chance to go on the boat, so anxious was I to see a believer in Christ. The first I spoke to was the cook in the galley. I saw he was a Christian. I told him of my conversion. He caught me by the hand, and nearly shook it off. I shall never

forget the pleasure of that moment, and our conversation for the next half hour. I felt he was my brother; it seemed to me holy ground. Many sweet seasons we had together, for which I shall ever praise God. Our next port was Sidney, N. S. W., where I enjoyed many sweet seasons with God's people, and came away refreshed and strengthened. In going to church in Sidney in our duck pants and blue shirts, only one had a jacket, so we put him first. He was admitted, but the rest were told they could not go in, as they had no jackets on. I went on as I was, and saw a poor looking church, and a man at the door. I asked if he would admit me without a jacket. He replied, "*Come in!* If you don't get to heaven, it won't be for want of a jacket."

I now began to grow bolder in the service of Christ, and a man-fearing spirit seemed completely removed. I began to exhort my shipmates to give their hearts

to God, and had the happiness to see one turn to the Lord. I had now a companion to travel along the way of holiness. By our mutual prayers and counsels, we both were enabled to go on our way rejoicing. We commenced a little meeting in the galley. There we sang and prayed together, and related our experience; and blessed meetings they were. The Lord evidently being amongst us, the officers took knowledge of us, and they too began to ask what they must do to be saved.

At this time I fell into sin, by going with my shipmates and partaking of the intoxicating cup. I felt the rum was in my brain, and how could I pray in that state? I was enabled to flee to the blood that makes the wounded whole. I then knelt down at my chest, and wrote out a pledge on a piece of paper, and, blessed be God, I have been enabled to hold out to that pledge. It has saved me from many a fall.

We arrived in November, 1849, after a prosperous cruise. I now went home to see my parents. My mother opened the door, and did not know me till I told her he who was before her was her wayward son. How my parents rejoiced when I told them I was now in my right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, my father exclaiming,—“For the last five years I have been praying to God to bring my son back again; but he has exceeded my prayers, and brought him back a converted man!” The family altar was indeed a Bethel that night.

I again went to sea from New York before the mast, and though we had a wicked crew on board, I was enabled to confess Christ, and tell to all around what a Saviour I had found. From that time to the present I have been enabled to confess Christ before a gainsaying world, sometimes with a deal of opposition; but a hair of my head has never been hurt in

the cause of Christ; though through persecutions and threatenings I have trod my way. I have been enabled to acknowledge in every thing, and to feel, He does direct my steps. I have been rebellious, and tried to stop ashore, when it was evidently the Lord's will I should be at sea. I once went out West (Jonah-like, running away from duty) and got married, but soon lost my wife and my children, and my health being very poor, I came to a seaport to recruit my strength, and seeking for employment. Strange to say, I could get nothing to do; but as the command of a ship was offered me, I made it a matter of prayer, and for two weeks; as nothing else came in view, I accepted the appointment. Since then my health has been good. I have never had to look after a situation, though, with wrecks and changes, I have often been out of a ship. Yet the Lord has always provided me without my as much as asking for a situation. To

Him be the praise. We have always had prayer-meetings on board the ships I have been in. Many have been converted, and God's own people blessed, while on the mighty deep. I was three years first officer of one of the mail steamers crossing the Atlantic, and have felt what a blessed thing it is to have an elder brother to go to, and ask counsel and direction from. Often in fog and danger have I seen His arm made bare in answer to prayer, when but for it we would have been dashed to pieces. In the last steamer I was in, I commenced a daily prayer-meeting; and since taking command of the present, now eighteen months, our daily season of prayer has never been omitted, in storm or calm. I feel assured passengers and sailors have felt this a delightful exercise; and if more commanders would take up the cross, it would be conducive to good, not only to their own souls, but also to those committed to their charge.

And now a word to you, my brother sailor. If God could take a drunken, swearing sailor, and make him what I have been enabled to become through His grace, can He not take you, and make you a pillar of His church? "For by grace are we saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast." And now, dear brother, you have a sketch of my life since I began to *live*.

WILLIE, THE RUNAWAY.

One moonlight night, when all the house was still, Willie Nichols rose softly from his bed. He dressed himself quietly, that he might not disturb his sister, or his little brother Bennie, who slept with him. Through the window of the attic room the moonbeams shone softly, and they threw

their beautiful light on Fannie's pale face, and on Bennie's curling hair. They showed Willie the seams and cracks in the old wall, the trunk which his father had carried with him on his voyages years ago ; and the little Bible lying on the stand. Precious little Bible ! His Sabbath school teacher had given it to him as a token of love, long before Willie had even thought of being a runaway. Out of the window the same moonlight was falling softly on the old mulberry-tree in the little garden, and making fantastic shadows of its leaves and branches upon the ground. It fell, too, upon the Squire's white house, standing so proudly among the old stately trees, and upon the long winding road that led to farmer Benson's.

Willie stood trembling and irresolute, as he gazed upon the still world outside. For a moment his good angel whispered, "Stay, Willie ! Do not leave your widowed mother and little ones, and your dear

home." But a whisper on the other side was louder still, and saying, "I can never go to Farmer Benson's," the boy dressed himself, tied up his few things, and his Bible among them. Then, with a last fond look at brother and sister, he stole out of the room and down the stairs. At his mother's door he paused, and put his hand upon the latch, but did not venture to go in. His mother might awake, and Willie did not dare to meet her tender gaze, and ask a blessing upon his purpose.

Willie's mother was poor. Her husband's ship had been wrecked on a distant coast, and he had gone down with it. A hard struggle had Mrs. Nichols to procure food and fire for her little ones, though many of her neighbors were kind, and would have helped her if they could. But they were poor themselves, and could give but kind wishes and a day's work now and then to the widow. Meanwhile, by various means, sewing, washing, nursing the sick, and in

fact every thing a woman's ready hands could do, she had made both ends meet, until her three eldest children were old enough to help her. Robert and Mattie were learning trades, and Willie was to be bound out to a farmer.

The little fellow had objected to this; but his mother deemed it best for him; and the arrangement had been completed to her own satisfaction and that of Mr. Benson. Willie Nichols could find no fault with the farmer, who was a pleasant, genial man, with a kind word for every one, but he longed to go to sea. The sea, with its wild blue waves, foam-crested with its wideness and vastness, was the subject of his thoughts day and night. "Oh! how free," thought Willie, "must a sailor's life be."

But his mother had a horror of the ocean ever since the letter came that told her of the wreck of the Flying Fish. Her boys had often heard her remark, that "No son of her's should be a sailor." Willie had

sometimes spoken of his wish, but his mother had said that if he loved her, he would not mention the sea in her hearing.

And so it was that Willie became a runaway. Down the stairs, through the little garden, out on the highway. The world before him! Cold, desolate, bitter world, that has tempted and disappointed so many! Home behind him, sweet home, with its hallowed memories! Home, with its morning and evening altar of prayer, its charmed circle of loving ones, its recollections of a mother's kiss. Poor little wanderer! Ah! my boy, pause, before *you*, like him, step out from the sweet refuge of your early home, into the storms and tempests of life.

Willie's home was near a seaport town. Before noon of the next day he was on the deck of a ship bound for the South Pacific. When again the moon shone on the water, his native land was fading away in the distance.

Willie did not find a sailor's life so free as he expected. There were hard words and hard blows to bear. There was coarser fare than he had been used to. There was climbing up the rigging when the waves were lashed by storms, and the ship rolled at their will. Many an hour of pain and homesickness came to Willie, and sometimes his little hammock was wet with tears. Still, it was not so hard for him as for many others. His prompt obedience and cheerful industry; his fearlessness and agility made, him a favorite on board, and there was not a man on the vessel who would not have risked life and limb to save the little fellow, had he been in danger.

Eighteen months went by. They had touched here and there at different ports, and now and then they had spoken a vessel bound homeward, or perhaps bound still further away than they were themselves!

One day the second mate, who was standing on deck, said, suddenly, to the boy,—

“Willie, where did you come from?”

“From Lime, sir, near N——.”

“Did you run away?”

A tear gathered in Willie's eye, and his head drooped. No need of an answer.

“Have you a father and mother?”

“A mother at home, but my father is dead.”

“Does your mother know where you are, my boy?”

“No,” said Willie. “I wouldn't let her know for the world; it would break her heart.”

“Far worse for her to be in suspense. Twenty thousand miles from home, and your mother not know of it! No, Will! the first vessel we speak must carry a letter to your mother. Remember, my boy!”

Willie promised, and began, in his leisure moments, a letter.

A few days afterwards they were chasing a whale. This is very dangerous sport, for the huge creature, when wounded, strikes dreadful blows with his tail, and often capsizes boats, or breaks them to pieces. The boat which held Willie, and four or five of the sailors, had the bottom knocked out of it by a blow of the monster's tail. Pale, and dreadfully bruised, the boy was lifted up the ship's side, and laid in his hammock.

That night the mate watched by him till twelve o'clock. He had fallen into a gentle sleep, saying he would be all right in the morning. Bidding two of the men to watch if he wanted any thing, the kind mate, who had always been his friend, left him, that he might himself seek repose.

Morning came. In its first gray light the mate returned to Willie's bed. The watchers, overcome by weariness, had fallen asleep. "Willie, how do you feel?" But Willie did not answer.

"He must be asleep," said his friend, surprised that no reply was given. He laid his hand on the boy's forehead. It was cold as marble. He lifted the little hand. It fell pulseless and cold from his grasp. Willie was dead.

Alone, all alone, in the dreary dead of night, without a mother's soft caress, or a sister's loving whisper, the little runaway boy had been called to die. Alone, in the swinging ship, on the wide, wide sea. And, next day, as the sailors strode around in a solemn, silent circle, they brought the little white form on deck. It was sewed up in the hammock, with only the face left uncovered, that all might see, for the last time, the beautiful features and the brown, wavy hair. The captain read the burial-service, and then the canvas was sewed up, the weights put in at the feet that it might sink more quickly to the ocean-grave, and the body of Willie Nichols was let down into the waves. And, as the ship

went faster and faster on its way, the little sailor boy's form sank deeper and deeper to the bottom of the sea, there to rest until the resurrection.

The unfinished letter, and a curl of the brown hair, were placed in Willie's Bible, and sent home to his mother. But she had gone before, and we can but hope that little Willie had been led to repent and believe in Jesus, and so had met his dear mother in the heavenly home.

I heard the story of little Willie Nichols from the gentleman who, years before, had sent the account of his death to the old home in Lime.



INFLUENCE OF A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A SAILOR'S SPEECH.

“BRETHREN, I stand here to say to you, that God is faithful to his word, when we do our duty, and put ourselves in the way

to be blessed. Months ago, I shipped for a foreign voyage, and I was not long in finding out the fact, that there was not one praying soul on board the ship but myself. Feeling a desire to pray where I should not be interrupted, I asked of the captain the privilege of arranging my berth as far forward in the ship as I could go. 'There is danger there,' said the captain; 'why not take your place in the fore-castle with the other men?' I told him I preferred to go forward, if he would permit it. He finally told me I might do so, if I would be careful. I thanked him, and made arrangements accordingly. There, alone, I felt that I could hold communion with Him who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand; and it was there I felt Jesus to be near, and oh! what joy filled my heart! While praying, I heard some one near, evidently listening, but nothing was said to me. The second night, while at prayer, and feeling that, as

a professed Christian, I was alone in that ship, I heard somebody near me again, evidently taking observations, and I thought it might be one of the crew, but no one spoke to me. Just before night, on the third day, the captain said to me: ‘William, you needn’t go *forward* to pray; come aft to-night, and pray with me in the cabin; I am glad there is some one on board, who, from principle, seeks the favor of God.’

“Oh! brethren, that was a happy hour to me; and at night I prayed *with* the captain and *for* the captain, and for all hands. Never shall I forget that hour! It was not long before the captain gave his heart to God, and became a praying man. Soon after, the mates were all converted, and from that day we had our regular prayer-meetings in the cabin every morning and evening, when the weather would admit. Brethren, it would have done your souls good to have been on board our

noble old ship, and listen to the outpouring of hearts in prayer, warm in their first love! The crew were not forgotten. Personal conversation was held with them upon the duty of immediate repentance of sin, and of unconditional submission to God. It was evident that God was adding his blessing to our efforts, as deep seriousness was stamped upon many faces. At our meetings for prayer, they would gather about the companionway, and stand weeping like children. Our captain saw their anxiety, and called them down into the cabin, and told them how he had found Christ, and the conditions upon which they, too, might be saved. It was a weeping time then, brethren, as well as a praying time! Some wept for joy, others for their sins, and I am happy to say to you, that every soul on board our ship was converted to God; and I am not alone here, as a witness to the truth of what I have stated,—some of my shipmates are in this meeting,

and can bear testimony to the fact, that God has power on earth to forgive sins, and to cleanse the soul from all unrighteousness!"

As this faithful son of the ocean took his seat, several of his messmates arose, one after another, bearing a testimony to the faithfulness of "William," through which, by the blessing of God, they had been brought to a knowledge of the truth.



BENEVOLENCE AND GRATITUDE.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a raw, bleak night; the rain was falling fast, whilst the wind blew in violent gusts. A Portsmouth night-coach stopped at the principal inn of the town to change horses. The cold and wearied travellers alighted for a few minutes to enjoy the comfort of a blazing fire, as well as to take refreshments.

"Will you give a poor fellow a night's shelter in your hay-loft?" asked a weather-beaten sailor, addressing one of the ostlers who was fastening the harness.

"No, not to such as you," answered the man; "you had better make the best of your way off, or you'll get more than you look for, if you prowl about here any longer."

"Perhaps, young man," replied the tar, "you may one day be sent adrift upon the world, without a penny to keep your head above water: and as to honesty, I know better than to take what is not my own, if I have not a shoe to my foot."

"I wouldn't trust you further than I could see you," said the ostler; "and if you don't be off, I'll make you."

Poor Jack was turning away hungry and foot-sore, when he was tapped on the shoulder by a lad who acted as stable-boy. "If you were to go down the road to the first little shop you come to," he said, "widow

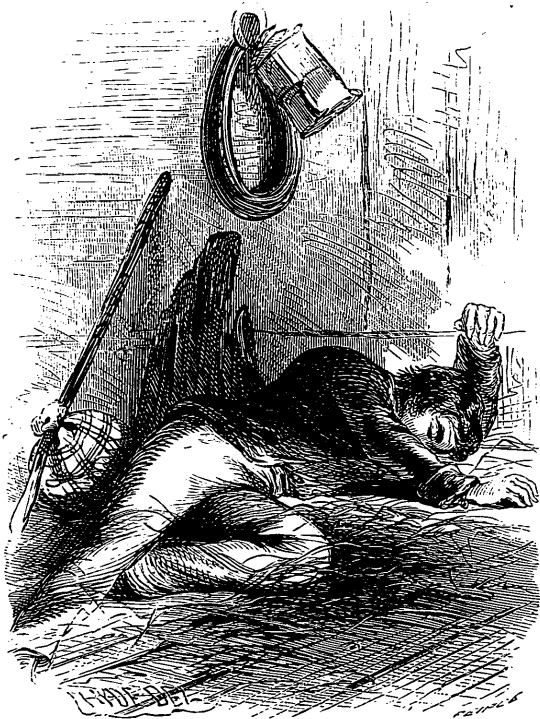
Smith would, I dare say, let you sleep in her wood-house; she is a good old creature, and is always ready to help any one in distress."

"Thank you, thank you," said the sailor.

John Willis, on coming ashore, had been robbed of his little all, a thing of no uncommon occurrence, and he was now compelled to beg his way to London. He deeply felt the rebuffs he frequently met with.

Jack followed the directions given him; but he found the shop closed. He felt that it was an unseasonable hour; still the favorable account he had received of its owner encouraged him to tap gently at the door. His summons was answered by the worthy dame, who, having listened compassionately to his tale of suffering, bade him enter and share her frugal meal. The tar entertained his benevolent hostess with a recital of some of the shipwrecks he had witnessed, and the narrow escapes he had





himself had. And she piously directed his mind to the good Providence which had preserved him to the present hour, and the Saviour who had died to redeem him. The repast over, the widow placed some clean, dry straw in one corner of a shed attached to her dwelling; and, with a thankful heart, the wearied traveller stretched himself upon it and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down.

Before continuing his journey in the morning, Jack looked in to thank the good woman for the shelter she had given him: he found, however, a warm meal awaiting him. Having partaken of it, and accepted of a few halfpence to help him on his way, he departed with a hearty benediction from his hostess.

Ten years passed, and the little incident here recorded had long escaped the memory of all save one of the parties concerned.

One morning a large official-looking let-

ter was put into Mrs. Smith's hand by the postman. Its purport was to beg her attendance in London on the following day, when the writer said she would receive gratifying intelligence, which it was wished to communicate to herself personally. Much consultation and gossiping ensued. One of her neighbors thought it a hoax, to play the old lady a trick; another said it would be highly imprudent for a woman of her years to take such a journey, especially to trust herself alone in such a wicked place as London; whilst a third was quite sure that the writer had some evil design. It did appear a formidable undertaking to one who had never strayed ten miles from her native place. Yet she had great confidence in the protecting providence of God, whom she served in humble dependence on his grace in Christ, and therefore felt no fear in complying with the request in the letter. Wherefore, notwithstanding the ridicule of some, and the re-

monstrances of others, the good dame started by the first coach which passed through on the morrow, and reached London in time to meet the appointment.

The address given her was at an inn, and on arriving there she was immediately ushered into a private apartment, where two respectable-looking men were waiting to receive her. The widow's surprise was increased when one of them accosted her with the familiar phrase, "How do you do, mother? Don't you remember me, my worthy?" added he, in answer to her half-frightened, inquiring glance. "I am Jack Willis, the sailor you housed and fed ten years ago, when he had neither money nor friends. I am now captain of a merchantman; and this gentleman," turning to his companion, "will, in my name, do the needful to settle an annuity of ten pounds upon you, as a proof of my gratitude for your kindness, and especially for your good advice, which, I hope, by God's mercy, led

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me to think of Christ, and to trust in him for salvation."

The widow, unable to give utterance to the emotions of her swelling heart, burst into tears.

Widow Smith returned to her cottage home thankful to God for his blessing on her humble efforts to benefit a fellow-creature in body and soul, and for his bountiful care for her, and delighted that she had now increased means of usefulness; and never after did she listen to a tale of suffering without thinking of poor Jack Willis.



"KEEP UP YOUR HEARTS, BOYS."

ABOUT half-past nine at night, on the 4th of March, 1838, the American ship Commerce, Captain Perry, of and from Charleston, bound to Liverpool, fell in with the Elizabeth Caroline, of St. Ste-

phens, N. B., waterlogged, and her crew in the most pitiable condition. For twenty-three days they had been on the forecastle of their vessel, lashed to the windlass, exposed to every sea, with barely sufficient food to sustain life, and only two gallons of water remaining. As soon as she was discovered, Captain Perry shortened sail, wore round, and went close alongside. Hearing their cries, the captain, passing round them two or three times during the night, hailed them cheerfully: "Keep up your hearts, boys; there is too much sea to board you now, but I will never leave you till I take you off!" And nobly did he fulfil his pledge, keeping close to the vessel two nights and a day, till the sea went down, and the sufferers were rescued.

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"I WANT TO BUY ALL HANDS."

SOON after the close of the long French war in Europe, a boy was standing on one of the bridges at London, with a number of small birds in a cage for sale. A sailor, who was passing, observed the little prisoners fluttering about the cage, peeping through the wires, and manifesting an eager desire to gain their liberty. He stood for some time, looking at the birds, apparently lost in thought. At length, addressing the boy, he said, "How much do you ask for your birds?"

"Sixpence apiece, sir," was the reply.

"I don't ask how much apiece," said the sailor; "how much the lot? I want to buy all hands."

The boy began his calculations, and found they came to six shillings and sixpence.

"There is your money," said the sailor,

handing out the cash, which the boy received, with evident satisfaction at his morning's trade.

No sooner was the bargain settled, than the sailor opened the cage-door and let all the birds fly away.

The boy, looking quite astonished, exclaimed, "What did you do that for, sir? You have lost all your birds."

"I will tell you," said the sailor, "why I did it. I was shut up three years in a French prison, as a prisoner of war, and I am resolved never to see any thing in prison that I can make free."



"HEROISM AND HUMANITY."

If the question were asked, Which is the greater heroine, the Prussian "guardian angel" of Pillau, or the Scottish "poor old widow" of the Island of Rona? — the for-

mer would doubtless bear off the palm. But if the question were submitted to the "guardian angel" herself — Katherine Klenfeldt — which is the more humane? — she would, no doubt, wreath the palm into a crown to adorn the brow of the widow of Rona. Katherine Klenfeldt is also a seaman's widow. Upwards of twenty years she made long sea-voyages with her husband ; and since his death she has devoted her life to the noble and perilous task of carrying aid to the drowning. The Baltic has a long line of coast, but owing to its low, shallow shore, it has few good harbors ; and its navigation is attended with great loss of life. Many a crew has perished in sight of Pillau.

Whenever a storm arises, whether by day or night, she embarks in her boat and quits the harbor in search of wrecks. When at the age of forty-seven, she had already rescued upwards of three hundred individuals from certain death. She is de-

scribed as possessing an athletic figure and great strength, and to be fitted by nature with a capacity to go through wild scenes and high deeds. The seamen look upon her as their guardian angel; the inhabitants of Pillau venerate her as something holy; the municipality has conferred on her the freedom of the town; and several governments, including the Prussian, have sent her medals of civil merit.

Between the Island of Sky and the mainland of Applecross is the rocky Island of Rona. At its north-west extremity is a famous refuge for vessels in danger or distress, called the "Muckle Harbor." At the lower end of this harbor stands a lonely cottage, called the "Light-house," from the fact that the widow uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light and the entrance of the harbor open, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. Here in her solitude, night after night, for months and

years, has she trimmed her lamp, fearful that some frail bark might perish through her neglect; and for all her watching, and expense for oil, she receives no manner of remuneration. Pure humanity prompts her devotion and deeds; nor is she happy unless in some way she is ministering to the comfort of the weather-beaten mariners. She was led to this course of life in her younger days, by witnessing her seafaring husband struggle and perish in the waves.

THE DYING SAILOR IN A FOREIGN HOSPITAL.

BY REV. JAMES BEECHER,
Seaman's Chaplain at Hong Kong.

I HAVE had some pleasing reflections concerning the happy death of a poor fellow whom I found in one of the sailor boarding-houses ashore, and took on board

my residence, that he might at least have a decent place to die in. A fouler hole than that from which I took him, can scarcely be imagined. There were no less than fourteen man-o'-war's men lying about the floor, dead drunk, while half a dozen more were singing, and shouting, and swearing. The whole air was reeking with the fumes of stale tobacco and bad rum. I was sorry for the blaspheming company,—more sorry even than for those who, in drugged sleep, were, at least for the time being, incapable of oaths. My ears were stunned, my eyes blinded, my stomach sick, my heart sad and sore. And yet in this den of iniquity lay a human being dying of consumption. Into his shattered lungs poured this steaming, pestilential air. Into his dying ears poured this even more pestilential flood of filthy and profane babbling. He feared to die, and well he might, for he could not bear to think of a place of punishment worse

than that in which he was. And as his hollow cough rung out now and then above all the confusion and noise, it sounded like a death-knell pealing over the lost souls of the whole company.

Such, then, was the place where I found this young man. And as I came to his bedside, and told him I was a minister of the gospel, he turned his face to the wall, and burst into tears. "Oh," said he, "it's too late now,—too late now. I've only a day or two to live,—and what is that to a whole life of sin. The time is past. I must go—go—go." And his voice broke into sobs so overpowering that I feared for his life.

I could not pray there,—it seemed a mockery to pray there, and speak of peace. My heart was so full of sadness, and agony even, that prayer was denied me. Said I, "my poor fellow, you are dying, it is true, and I can't save you, but you shall at least have a decent place to die in;" and by the

kind assistance of a friend who lives with me, we had him ere long on board my Bethel, in a pleasant room, still and quiet, with pure air breathing all about him, and pure water rippling by his open windows. It seemed as though his heart would overflow with tears of gratitude. "Oh," said he, "it's joy enough *to die here.*"

But the best of all is yet to come. He revived at once; and though it was evident that his time was short, yet it pleased God to relieve him from pain. For two or three days I read much, and prayed much with him, but could not prevail upon him to pray. One night, however, to my surprise, I heard him through the thin bulkhead which separates our rooms, *praying* with such earnestness and power, that it seemed as though God were present in the room with him. I went to sleep, and awoke about midnight, and still was he wrestling in prayer. I would not break in upon him, but earnestly did I pray for him,—

and even to the morning light, without repose, without cessation did his prayers pour forth.

After breakfast I went into his room, and oh, how changed was that sunken face of his! Sunken it was as ever, but so lighted up by smiles of joy and hope, that I could scarcely believe my eyes! Tears rolled down his cheeks, as he clasped my hand, and in broken words tried to tell me how he was praying, and "*saw the Lord Jesus*, not with my eyes," said he, "for they were shut, and I was afraid to open them, but *here—in here!*" laying his hand upon his breast. Long we prayed together,—his excitement passed away, and in its place came such gentle, trusting, peaceful resignation, that I gained a lesson I shall never forget.

Gradually he sank day by day,—painless, fearless—even joyful. His two days of life were lengthened to three weeks. And ten minutes before he died, lying in

my arms, he looked up, and said, in broken words, "O Mr. B., God bless you, — God bless you." Said I, "My poor fellow, you have probably only a few minutes to live. Does that hope stand by you still? Is *Jesus* your hope and your salvation?" "Yes, yes," said he, and closed his eyes as if in sleep. I laid his head upon the pillow, and thinking that he would doze a little, as he had before done, I stepped into the next room for a few moments' rest; then my boy called me, and when I ran in he was just drawing his last breath. No struggle — no pain. His spirit had left as peacefully as though there were no bands to break in its separation from the body.

"COME THIS WAY, MY FATHER."

THE little song, "Come this Way, my Father," was written by me during a season of great affliction, — occasioned by the loss of my darling little Frank (the hero of the story). The narrative and song were first published in the Waterville Mail, in the year 1850. The scene of the occurrence was Boothbay, a little harbor about fifteen miles east of Bath.

During a short visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a party, and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion.

We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going further, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed

to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them, and proceeded some six miles further. We remained out much longer than we intended, and, as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until we discovered the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard, through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father,—steer straight for me,—I'm waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!" and

nestled to sleep on my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now, when tossed upon the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore, "Come this way, father! — steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, and still, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way, my father! — I'm waiting for thee!"

With this I enclose a correct copy of the song.

Yours, very truly,

A. W. WILDES.

I REMEMBER a voice
Which once guided my way,
When lost on the sea
Fog enshrouded I lay ;
'Twas the voice of a child,
As he stood on the shore —
'It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billow's roar,
"Come this way, my father !
Steer straight for me,
Here, safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice,
As it led our own way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers
And high-dashing spray ;
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billow's roar,
"Come this way, my father,
Steer straight for me,
Here, safe on the shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember my joy
When I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest ;

For the tones of my child
Whispered soft to my ear,
"I called you, dear father,
I knew you would hear
The voice of your darling,
Far o'er the dark sea,
While safe on the shore
I was waiting for thee."

That voice now is hushed
Which then guided my way,
The form I then pressed
Is now mingling with clay ;
But the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,
"I am calling you, father !
Oh can you not hear
The voice of your darling,
As you toss on life's sea ?
For on a bright shore
I am waiting for thee."

I remember that voice, —
In many a lone hour
It speaks to my heart
With fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out
Over life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips
That lie in the grave,

“Come this way, my father!
Oh, steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven,
I am waiting for thee!”

THE WAY TO CHEER THE LADS.

IN one hour after the heavy sea struck the vessel, she went down, leaving only four seamen to tell the story of her fate. “We were now four of us in a small boat — only ten feet keel — left to the mercy of the winds and waves on a dark and stormy night, more than one hundred miles from the nearest land, without compass, or anything, except two oars, the deep-sea-line, a bucket, tin pan, hatchet, and a few biscuits in a small trunk. We made fast the line to the middle of one of the oars, and veered out about thirty fathoms, and, with the other oar plying at the stern, kept her head to the sea, — although it seemed to us im-

possible that we could climb those watery hills. My faith, trust, and prayer were to Him who 'rides upon the stormy wind, and manages the seas,' and my soul was soon elevated above common fear. In order to cheer the lads that were with me, after repeating a part of the 107th Psalm, and other texts of Scripture, and reminding them of Jesus commanding the winds and the waves to *be still*, I sung the 88th Hymn of Watts' — '*Life is the time to serve the Lord.*' About eleven o'clock, the next day, the fog scaled off a little, when, to our great joy, a schooner was within hail, and answered us immediately, hove to, and received us on board."

NO SABBATH SALUTE.

ON the arrival of the U. S. frigate Cumberland, Commodore Stringham, at the port of Athens, Greece, in July, 1852, he at once

called on the French admiral, and was honored with the usual salute. The next day, which was the Sabbath, the admiral returned the visit, when the commodore received him courteously, and informed him that as he neither visited nor saluted on the Sabbath, he would pay him the customary salute on the following morning. Accordingly, on Monday morning the Cumberland made the hills of Greece ring with booming honors to the admiral.

RETURNED IN BALLAST.

A FEW years ago the captain of a brig from the State of Maine was at St. Croix, and was there offered one thousand dollars to bring home a cargo of rum, but refused, — preferring to return in ballast.

This statement was at the time published in several newspapers, and by many persons

doubted; whereupon it was thus indorsed by the editors of the Sailors' Magazine: "We have the pleasure to state that we have seen the captain referred to, and conversed with him on the subject;—that instead of being a cargo of rum, it was a cargo of rum and sugar. The sugar he offered to take, but the rum he would not. And that instead of one thousand dollars, a full freight would have amounted to twelve hundred dollars; and that on his return his owners were perfectly satisfied."

THE SAILOR AND HIS MOTHER.

A VERY gentlemanly looking man addressed the meeting, representing himself to be a sailor, and just on the return from the hospitals in and around Washington. He said: I had a praying mother in the days of my boyhood. When I went down

the long wharf to go on board my first ship, that mother followed me; and as I was about to go up the side, that mother put her arms around my neck, and said, with an almost broken heart, that I should never want a mother's prayer as long as she should live. That mother was a devoted Christian woman. But little at that time did I regard her piety or prayers. I went to sea.

I knocked around the world; and when I was wrecked and cast away, and death was staring me in the face, I often thought of my poor mother, and my heart would smite me for the disregard with which I had requited her prayers for me.

At length the time came, — God's own appointed time, when my mother's prayers were to be answered. I was awakened, convicted, and converted at sea. I came home, after an absence of twenty years, to tell my mother of the great change which had been wrought in me. I went to the

old homestead, but I found no mother there. She lay in the churchyard. She was never to hear of my conversion. Her faithful and affectionate heart had done beating. Her arms would be around the neck of her once wayward boy no more. But while I had a mother, I had never lacked a mother's prayers.

Ever since, and now, I endeavor to own and acknowledge my mother's God and Saviour. I know God answers prayer. I am sayed in answer to the prayers of my poor mother. Little comfort had she in her boy while living. But she rejoices in him now. Oh! how well I remember that mother's prayers! How often had she made me kneel by her side in prayer when I was a little child! And when I now kneel down to pray alone, I never feel that I am alone. I feel as if my mother was kneeling beside me, and assisting me in my devotions. She is the same sweet, sweet mother still. Oh! how I have want-

ed to tell her that I have repented, and have found mercy, and been forgiven. I cannot tell her, but I doubt not she knows it all.

Now I am trying to do all the good I can. I have been down among the hospitals. It has been my mission of mercy. I have directed many a poor, anxious soldier to Jesus, and many have come to him. I have told them how I found him, and they have found him too. It was but the other day I was kneeling by a soldier, who was an only son; and all his talk was about his mother, from whom he had not heard a word in nine long months. Since he had been in the hospital, he had longed after her greatly. She was a praying woman, and her soldier boy had been confronted with death, and his hour had come. He had been converted since he left home. He bade me tell his mother how joyfully in Jesus he was dying, and while I was praying, he put his arms around my neck, and

I heard his feeble voice whisper, "God bless my dear mother!" When my short prayer was over, and I parted those clinging arms, I found that he was gone. His last prayer had been for his mother. Oh! I do believe God loves to hear a mother's prayers. The mother who prays, never prays in vain. Let all mothers take hold on God, and trust him to answer prayer.

"DO YOU SEE THAT FLAG?"

WHILE the pastor of the Mariner's Church, Boston, was at a prayer meeting in the rooms of the Christian Association, the captain of a vessel rose for prayers. At the close of the meeting, he observed to the pastor: "You do good sometimes when you don't know it;" and he went on to say, that upon a Sabbath morning, a short time before, he was standing upon

the deck of his vessel, looking over the harbor with a spy-glass, and noticed the flag on the Mariner's church; that he had on board of his ship three of the best and worst men he ever commanded,—efficient at sea, but exceedingly profane, and, on shore, intoxicated whenever the opportunity offered; that he saw them about going on shore for a morning stroll—being on liberty—and said to them: “Do you see that flag?” “Aye, aye, sir.” “Well, go there; that is the best place for you.” Not that he had any interest in religion; but his motive was to keep them sober and avoid trouble. To his astonishment, they went, came on board at noon sober, and went in the afternoon again. Their conduct so excited his curiosity, that he went with them in the evening. In a short time they were converted, giving the best evidence of a change of heart by a change of life. He could not sustain the pressure of their example; but began to think, he said,

that "if religion could make over such devils as they were, there must be something in it." He continued to attend church; the young men got hold of him and carried him to the Rooms, and he is now living in the enjoyment of religion. Eternity alone will disclose the results of a prayer-meeting, numbering more than six hundred persons, of all nations, the individuals which compose it constantly changing, and carrying their impressions over every sea and every land.



"MY CHILD! MY CHILD!"

WHEN the "Great Fire" was raging in the city of New York, on that bitter cold night, Dec. 16, 1835, a woman was seen in the street, crying "My child! my child! She had escaped from the upper story of a blazing building, leaving her child in bed. Among those who heard the cry was Wil-

liam H. Rindge, of Portsmouth, N. H.
Let Mrs. Sigourney finish the story :

“ A wanderer from the wave,
A sailor, marked her woe ;
And in his bosom woke
The sympathetic glow : —
Quick up the burning stairs,
With daring feet he flew,
Though sable clouds of stifling smoke
Concealed him from the view.”

But presently he reappeared, and laid the
child safe in its mother's arms !

“ The mother's speechless tears
Forth like a torrent sped ;
Yet e'er the throng could learn his name
The generous tar had fled :
Not for the praise of men
He wrought this deed of love,
But on a bright, unfading page
'Tis registered above.”

"MOTHER, I SEE DAYLIGHT."

WHEN the schooner Oraloo was knocked down, and the vessels which came to her relief had taken off, as they supposed, all who were alive, as Captain Ford and a sailor by the name of Abraham Heath were shoving from the wreck, Heath thought he heard a *faint knocking*, and said to the captain, "*There is some one alive on board of that vessel, and here goes to save her or go with her!*" The boat was put back and he put on board. Through the hole previously cut in the deck, about sixteen inches square, he first descended into the cabin nearly full of water. Here, for the want of room and breath, he labored with almost incredible difficulty and perseverance in knocking away one partition after another of the rolling vessel. At one time he lost his axe, and was obliged to dive for it. At length he came to the *cook's dish-room*, a

small place four feet and a half one way, by three and a half the other, and four and a half high. Into this small room Mrs. Ford and her little boy had gone; and when the vessel was capsized, the door was shut and held fast by the rushing water. As soon as the axe had made an opening, the first sound that greeted the noble sailor's ears was, "*Mother, I see daylight.*" And now came his severest struggle, — to get them out alive! His heroism was crowned with success, and deserves to be recorded in letters of gold for future admiration and imitation.

HIS OWN EXECUTOR.

"Fair boy! the wanderings of thy way
It is not mine to trace,
Through buoyant youth's exultant day,
Or manhood's bolder race."

Yet it is mine to record a single incident of his sea-faring life, and some of his con-

sequent generous acts. He had been on the ocean about twenty years, when, as he lay in his berth one night, in the Gulf of Mexico, his thoughts turned to the perils of his calling, the merciful preservations he had experienced, his present condition as an unrenewed sinner, and the fearful awards of the world to come. "What," thought he, "if my ship should go down to-night, carrying me unprepared before God!" Thought begat conviction, — conviction so intense as to bring him from his berth to his Bible, and upon his knees with the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The result was the possession of that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and the entire consecration of his all to God. Shortly after, he retired from the sea to reside in the State of Illinois, where his large, generous acts commenced in erecting the first church which adorned the banks of the Upper Mississippi. He next conceived the idea of founding a female

seminary, to be to the West what Mt. Holyoke and other similar institutions were to the East. Having completed it at an expense of *fifty-three thousand dollars*, he deeded it all to a board of trustees, to be used forever for the purpose of female education, reserving no interest or exclusive control in it to himself. Four years ago the seminary had graduated about *thirteen hundred* young ladies. Thus has Captain Benjamin Godfrey become "like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." One day, in answer to a friend who alluded to the immense good the Monticello Female Seminary had already accomplished, with grateful emotion he remarked, "*How much better it is, if a man has any thing to give, to do it while he lives, that he may see its workings while he lives, than to lay it up for executors to give after he is dead and gone.*"

BOB THE CABIN-BOY.

BY REV. G. C. SMITH.

A FEW months since, a vessel sailed from England with a captain whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for his sudden and alarming illness. The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his sufferings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, " Captain, how are you ? "

A surly voice replied, "What's that to you? be off."

Next morning, however, he went down again. "Captain, hope you are better."

"O Bob, I'm very bad; been very ill ail night."

"Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much."

The captain nodded assent.

Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, master, let me shave you."

He was permitted to do this also; and, having adjusted the bedclothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea. The kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

The captain now declined apace; his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should

not live many weeks at furthest. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, as Bob opened the state-room door and affectionately inquired,

“ Well, master, how is it with you this morning ? ”

“ Ah, Bob, I’m very bad ; my body is getting worse and worse, but I should not mind that so much, were it not for my soul. O Bob, what shall I do ? I am a great sinner. I’m afraid I shall go to hell, — I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I’m a lost man.”

“ Oh no, master,” said the boy, “ Jesus Christ can save you.”

“ No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least prospect of being saved. Oh what a sinner I have been ; what will become of me ! ”

His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy,

who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning, as soon as the boy appeared, the captain said, "O Bob, I've been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin; go forward, and see if you can find one in the men's chests."

The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy.

"Ah, Bob, that will do, that will do; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that blessed book."

"Where shall I read, master?"

"I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinner*s and *salvation*."

"Well, master, then I'll take the New Testament; you and I shall understand it better, for, as my poor mother used to say, there are not so many hard words there."

The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the bed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul soon beheld sin as he had never seen it before. The justice of God, in his eternal ruin, struck him with amazing force; and though he heard of a Saviour, still the great difficulty of knowing how *he* could be saved, appeared a mystery unfathomable. He ruminated a great part of the night on some passages Bob read, but they only served to depress his spirits and terrify his soul.

The next morning, when the boy entered the state-room, he exclaimed, "O Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I am dying very fast; you'll soon have to cast me overboard; but all this is nothing; my soul, my poor soul. Ah Bob, my dear lad, what will become of my soul? Oh, I shall be lost forever. Can't you pray?"

“No, master, I never prayed in my life, any more than the Lord’s prayer my mother taught me.”

“O Bob, pray for me; go down on your knees, and cry for mercy; do, Bob, God will bless you for it. Oh, kneel down, and pray for your poor wicked captain.”

The boy hesitated, the master urged; the lad wept, the master groaned, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Both cried greatly.

“O Bob, for God’s sake kneel down and pray for me.”

Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and, with heavy sobs and in broken words, begged God to have pity on his poor dying master.

The captain was too much affected to speak. The simplicity, sincerity, and humility of the lad’s prayer had so much impressed his mind, that he lay groaning inwardly with spiritual anguish, and wet-

ting his couch with his tears. Bob retired on deck, for the scene had quite overcome him. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, whose soul appeared to receive every word with indescribable eagerness. The next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. That gloomy horror which had so long added to the natural ferocity of his weather-beaten countenance had fled, and the circumstance of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say, An heir of grace can find "glory begun below."

"O Bob, my dear lad," said the captain, with great humility, "I have had such a night! After you left me, I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in that corner of my bed-

place, Jesus Christ bleeding on his cross. Struck with the view, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and, casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At length I thought he looked on me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O Bob, what a look it was! I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart; my pulse beat high; my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for him to speak, with fear, not unmixed with hope, I saw him smile. O my child, I saw him smile — yes, and he smiled on *me* — on *me*, Bob. O my dear boy, he smiled on wretched, guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment; my heart was too full to speak, but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side — O Bob, what

sounds were these; shall I ever hear his beloved voice again? — I heard him say, in sounds that angels cannot reach, ‘*Son, be of good cheer, thy sins, which be many, are forgiven thee!*’ My heart burst with joy. I fell prostrate at his feet; I could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory. The vision vanished; I fell back on my pillow; I opened my eyes; I was covered with perspiration. I said, oh, this cannot be a dream. No Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read to me out of the Bible, and I feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even *me*. I am not now afraid to die; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more; I am now ready to die; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind of late, has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last.”

The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, "No, my dear master, don't leave me." "Bob," said he, calmly, "my dear boy, comfort your mind; I am happy, I am going to be happy for ever. I feel for you; my bowels yearn over you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. Oh, may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen. Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great; God will reward you for it. To you I owe every thing as an instrument in the Lord's hands. Surely he sent you to me. God bless you, my dear boy; tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them." Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock.

The next morning Bob arose at daylight,

and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow, and crawled to the corner of his bed-place, where, in his dream, he beheld the cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship's side. But the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

TYRANNY CONQUERED.

A CAPTAIN'S STORY.

WHEN I was about forty years of age, I took command of the ship *Petersham*. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened

until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated,—that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick, intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I had made up my mind that he had never



was looking over the quarter-rail, and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke, I ripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear you," he said, with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly toward the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I grasped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me, you'd better flog it out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted it for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was too late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stubbornness was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any compunctions of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy, — that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. “But I will do it,” I said to myself, “by the heavens above me, I’ll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation.”

After supper I went to the hatchway, and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. So I closed the hatch and went away. At ten o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway, and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him, — I had not seen him since I put him down there. I called out several times, but he would make no reply, — and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but he would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. "He'll beg before he'll starve, I thought, and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed that he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulkhead,

in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me, ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hold thirty-six hours, and all of forty hours without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite sundown when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes alone.

A little way forward I saw a space

where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I now remembered had been left open, on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which would let any thing that might have been stored there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship.

To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing, but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him, and thought he looked up.

“Jack, are you there?”

And he answered me in a faint, weary tone,—

“Yes, help me! For heaven’s sake, help me! Bring men and bring a lantern,—the ship has sprung aleak!”

I hesitated, and he added in a more eager tone,—

“Make haste,—I will try and hold it till you come back.”

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half a dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw the

plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it, before I lifted him up. Other men were called down with planks, and spikes, and adzes, and, with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger.

The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hold, he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his

limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he awoke, he heard a faint sound, like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo, and looked down, and was sure that he saw a small jet of water springing up through the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense enough to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place, he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was too far away, so low down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his

voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty dreary hours, with the water spurting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him, — his limbs were racked with pain, — but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did. He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die, — but he would save the rest if he could, — and he had saved us, surely saved us all, from a watery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands, — nursed

him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and he could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him, and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck, and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause of offence; and added, as he sat up again, "I am not a coward,—I could not be a dog."

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men, that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license; but make my crews feel that they have a friend and superior in the same person. For nine years I have sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of my foremost hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me he refused the command of a new barque, because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country ever afforded. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard.

"WRONG! I DON'T CARE FOR THAT."

It was near the close of a beautiful summer's day, that I took my hat to go abroad and enjoy the beauties of the most lovely village in the Middle States. The pure air, the declining sun, the rose and locust odors that perfumed the gardens and streets, refreshed my spirits and delighted my heart, after the toil and confinement of the day. Going leisurely along, I approached a group

of boys, both large and small, in the middle of the street, engaged in earnest conversation. Some made expressive gestures with the hands ; several were speaking at once ; others, all ears, were listening, or, all eyes, were looking. Some were earnest, some vexed, some doubting. I cast my eyes over their healthy, happy, bright, intelligent faces, and thought how soon manhood would steal over them, and they be called to stand where their fathers stood.

“ Well, I think it’s wrong ! ” exclaimed one.

“ Wrong ! ” answered another, scornfully, “ wrong ! I don’t care for that ! ”

Some of the group laughed at this bold and reckless speech. I looked at the speaker, a blue-eyed, light-haired boy, whose slender frame and agile motions were full of grace. He did not look as though he could utter and act upon a sentiment like that. And, as I walked on, with no other thought to interest me, the

words of the boy were resolved in my mind. "Wrong! I don't care for that!" How little he realizes the sad and dreadful meaning of those words, thought I! and yet, brief as they are, they comprehend all that reckless hardihood of principle which desolates the world with crime! I passed by his father's house. Quietly and beautifully it stood beneath the shadow of tall trees. It seemed as if the refinement and elegance which education, piety, and wealth threw around its interior, with the rural beauty and deep quiet which surrounded it, made this home a sanctuary where his rash and unholy expression could find no favor, however it might astonish or delight his playfellows.

Many years have passed since then. I often think of those village boys, and, often as opportunity occurs, inquire with deep interest what nook they fill in the great world's theatre. And I now know that two of that group have finished their earthly career, and gone into eternity. The first

who died was George. All men spoke well of him.

* * * * *

A beautiful brig of the United States navy was steadily making her way over the broad Atlantic, on the last of the year (1842). With her white sails all unfurled, she bent proudly to the breeze. Her tall masts, her light spars, her firm rigging, had outtrode the storms finely and gaily. She had finished her mission to a distant land, and with fair winds and clear skies, was rapidly nearing her distant port. What of her crew? Did her commander behold with gratification the prompt execution of his orders? Were the officers respected? Were the sailors ready and obedient? Did the ward-rooms, the decks, the fore-castle witness cheerful alacrity and faithfulness in the discharge of duty? Were all rejoicing to return to parents, to wives, and to little ones? No, within the heart of that noble vessel rebellion was brewing, and dissatis-

faction was heard in low mutterings. A plot was formed; sailor after sailor was reduced from his allegiance, and was sealed with a fearful oath to conspire against his fellows. In the deep midnight, at a given signal, they were to murder their officers, and cast their dead bodies upon the waters. Masters of the brig, they were to strike the flag of their country, and hoist the black colors of the pirate. Every thing was ready; the mutineers were on the eve of executing their daring purpose. God overruled the fearful deed. The ringleaders were secured and put in irons. The safety of the vessel demanded immediate attention and prompt action,—they were doomed to die! to die soon,—to die quick. “One hour!” besought an unfortunate youth. An hour passed. All hands were called on deck; officers were armed with cutlass and pistol,—the watch was prepared,—the signal given,—the cannon rolled,—the bodies of three were hanging on the yard-arm! The brig was safe.

The bold leader of that reckless band was one of that group of playful boys. Were not his career and death a terrible fulfilment of his terrible words, "Wrong! I don't care for that!"

A WARNING TO YOUTH.

SMALL, THE MUTINEER.

IN the awful death of Small, one of the mutineers on board the brig Somers, Providence is speaking in a most solemn voice; and, although any allusion to this sad event may be painful to friends, yet we dare not refrain from echoing that voice, in warning to the young. From the few particulars in his life which we have been able to collect, it will be seen, that he early formed *habits* which very often and *naturally* lead to an ignominious end.

Elisha H. Small was a native of Boston.

His early training was very unfavorable to the formation of a virtuous, moral character. Lessons of piety, either from the lips or the example of parents, probably never fell upon his ear, unless he may have heard them within the past three years, since all his habits had attained the vigor of maturity. During that period, his now almost broken-hearted mother has been a consistent member of the Mariners' Church in this city, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Lord. While quite a lad, Small became a member of one of our local Sabbath Schools. All we can learn of him, while connected with the school, is this single fact, which, however, is sufficient to exhibit his depravity, even at that early age. His teacher was called away by death; and while the announcement of this event by the superintendent spread a deep solemnity over the school, and clothed every countenance with sorrow, young Small said, "I am glad of it."

For many years he was a member of the Mariners' Church Sabbath School. Here he showed himself to be a very bad youth, and gave his teacher much trouble. At meeting, too, he was inattentive and noisy, and often requiring the presence of the sexton ; and, on one occasion, he had to be removed from the sanctuary. After this he was also, for several years, connected with the Unitarian Sabbath School in Pitts street. But his history shows that he could never have become much interested in either of these schools.

While very young, he formed the habit of *taking the name of God in vain*, and his profaneness was often heard about the streets. This wicked practice grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength, and he carried it with him through life : even but a moment before his awful death, when asked by one of his associates in crime to forgive him, he refused, with a dreadful OATH ! He also early became in-

temperate, and a Sabbath-breaker. Within the past two years, on one occasion, when at home from sea, he took lodgings at the Sailor's Home. And one Sabbath, just before the commencement of public worship, he sought to entice some of the sailors to take a ride with him; and when they all refused to engage in such a desecration of that holy day, he became so angry and quarrelsome, that the superintendent was obliged to remove him from the house. As he performed this unpleasant duty, he gave him a most faithful and serious admonition, warning him of the *end* to which such conduct would lead, and beseeching him to reform. All this the profane, intemperate, hardened Sabbath-breaker treated with the utmost contempt and derision.

The last time our informant saw him, was on Sabbath afternoon, riding furiously through the streets, with a horse apparently almost exhausted. The horse, it is said,

was ruined, and the carriage broken. Soon after, and perhaps to save the expense of repairing damages, he enlisted in the United States navy, and eventually came on board the Somers, where he suffered death at the age of twenty-three.

We will mention but one other trait of character in this unhappy young man. We have seen it stated that, "he was very much attached to his mother." But when under the influence of intoxicating drinks — which usually converts man into a fiend — he was certainly very undutiful to her. He has been heard at such times to address her in the most disrespectful and abusive language.

Youthful readers! let the life and the melancholy death of this wretched young man be a warning to you. Beware how you *trifle* with the instructions of those who seek to do you good, lest you wrong your own souls. The Sabbath School, in order to be a safeguard against vice and

crime, as it usually is, must be *loved*, not *trifled* with. In the language of Commander Mackenzie's exhortation to the youthful sailors, after execution, "Cherish your Bibles with a more entire love than Small did." Beware of taking the first step in profaning the awful *name*, and the holy *Sabbath* of the Lord, for he is a jealous God, and will not hold you guiltless. Avoid, as you would the gate of death, and the very pit of perdition, all those places, however beautiful and fascinating in their outward appearances, where is mingled the intoxicating cup. "When sinners entice thee, consent thou not." And beware of dishonoring your father and your mother, lest you be cut down ere you have lived out half your days. If you indulge in either of those sins, in all of which this unhappy young man indulged from his early youth, you enter upon a course that naturally and very often leads on to almost every other wick-

edness, to a ruined character, a death of infamy, and an eternity of remorse and despair !



THE LAST DOLLAR.

By the roadside in the village of C — lay a wounded man ; not a friend was near to minister to his wants. A poor young man who was passing hastened to the side of the sufferer, raised him up, and supplied his wants. He had but a dollar in the world, but he cheerfully gave that to the sick man as he left him.

A year passed, and this same young man was wrecked at sea. When the ship went down he seized a plank, to which he clung all the long night. When the morning had dawned, he beheld a sail far out on the deep ; it halts ; a boat puts out and comes toward him, — on the top of the wave he hears a voice cry, “ Hold tight ; ” he goes

down between the waves and rises the next billow; the voice shouts, "Cling fast; *I* am coming." He goes down again, and as he mounts the next surge, whom does he see guiding the helm but the very man to whom he had given his last dollar.



"MY ANCHOR DOESN'T DRAG."

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BUTMAN is still affectionately remembered by numbers of his old neighbors in Rutland, Vermont; and his face seems as radiant as when he found that his anchor held amidst the breakers of death. He commenced a seafaring life at the age of fourteen, and after plowing the ocean about twenty years, he retired to the western slope of the Green Mountains to plough the land. He died at Rutland, April 18, 1834. About three years before his death he gave decisive evidence of personal piety, and confessed Christ before men

From that blessed day he made a straight wake for the haven of eternal rest, — on the way doing good as he had opportunity, especially to his brethren of the sea. As his end approached, his soul was full of peace. The Indian-ink anchor on his hand was but a faint emblem of the stronger anchor which held steadfast his soul. To the very last he could say, "*My anchor doesn't drag!*"



THE LIFE-BUOY OF THE SOUL

BY THE REV. C. S. STUART, A. M.,
Chaplain in the U. S. Navy.

THE calling of the midnight watch first reminded two youthful voyagers on the distant Pacific, that the conversation in which they were engaged had been prolonged to an unreasonable hour. It was the signal for one, as an officer of the ship, to take the post of duty in command on

deck; and the customary salutations of a separation for the night were abruptly and hastily interchanged. A careless spectator might not have observed any thing peculiar in the manner in which these were made, but one accustomed to the study of his fellows, would have read in the expressive grasp of a sailor's hand, and in the subdued tone of a manly voice, some unaccustomed state of mind, some deep feeling of the heart. Nor would he have been deceived in the fact, though he might have mistaken the cause.

A cloudless, sultry, and listless day at the equator, had been suddenly succeeded by a gloomy and foreboding night, with every indication in a wild and ragged sky above, and a deeply-heaving and moaning sea below, of some further, and not distant change; a change which might come upon the lonely bark, with a power alike destructive, whether exhibited in the rending fury of the lightning, or in the desolation of a

tornado. But it was not, that, under circumstances such as these he was called upon to assume the responsibility of the deck, that the tones of sadness were distinguished in the sailor's voice, or that the trepidation of an agitated mind is imparted to his hand. No! To him the sea had lost its terrors. From early boyhood till now, in the fulness of his youth, he had been familiar with its fitful changes,—had been lulled to his soundest slumbers by its storms, and gazed upon the most fearful of its tempests only as

• “A babe lists to music,
Wondering, but not affrighted.”

It was a moral cause, operating within, and not the intimidating aspect without, that had given rise to the feeling existing in his bosom.

In the providence of God, the instructions of the day had been of the most solemn and impressive kind. An instance of

mortality had occurred in the ship's company, similar in its characteristics and appalling result to the tens of thousands which, in various sections of the world, testify to the existence of a pestilence, that, with uncontrolled devastation, "walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noonday." One of the most athletic and youthful of the crew; one, who but the day previous, had trod the decks as vigorous and elastic, and with a heart as thoughtless and as gay, as any of his companions; had, after the agony of a few hours, fallen into the arms of death; and with the dawn of the coming morning, was to be seen stretched on the fore-castle, in the habiliments of the grave, awaiting, beneath the banner of his country, the hour when his body should be committed to the deep, there to rest "till the sea shall give up the dead."

So silently and so swiftly had the destroyer passed by, that many on board were ignorant of the visitation, till coming

on deck, their eyes met the resistless evidence of it in the lifeless corpse of their fellow. The only expression that for a time was heard to reëcho from one and another, as the startling fact fastened itself upon them, was, " Can it be possible that J—— is dead ! " And for hours after, as if still incredulous of the reality, one and another might be seen slowly to approach his bier, and turning aside its star-spangled covering, by long and silent gaze on the fixed and death-like stricken features of the youthful victim, to assure themselves that the spirit had indeed forsaken its abode ; while the half-suppressed sigh, and, in some instances, the gathering tear, hastily brushed from a hardy cheek, told how reluctantly they yielded themselves to the unwelcome truth.

It was after a day marked by scenes and impressions such as these, that the two individuals now introduced, had met each other on deck at the setting of the first

night watch. Only one hour before their meeting, the body of their departed shipmate, with the solemn rites of a burial at sea, had been committed to a fathomless grave; and with every thought absorbed in the affecting event which had befallen them, they involuntarily spoke to each other of the frailty and uncertainty of life, of the solemnity of death, and the eternity of blessedness and woe revealed to man in the word of God.

To the mariner these were unaccustomed themes. But under the circumstances in which they were presented, they commended themselves to the strong emotions of his heart, with an awakening and subduing power. And so his companion unfolded to him his own views of their importance to the welfare of the immortal spirit, and at length, urged upon him the necessity of an undelayed repentance toward God, and of faith in Jesus Christ. His soul, under the conviction "of sin, of righteousness,

and of judgment to come," melted into penitence, and threw into his aspect and manner the deep feeling of the moment at which the midnight bell had summoned him to the duties of his office in command of the succeeding watch. Happily, the impressions thus received did not, as is often the melancholy fact, prove transitory or inoperative, but resulted in a fixed state of mind, which will be best understood from the language of the individual himself, in a conversation with his friend, some few weeks after their occurrence.

The ship having, in the intervening time, safely doubled the "Cape of Storms," was now gallantly ploughing her trackless way through the tropical latitudes of the South Atlantic, with all her canvas spread to the freshness of her favoring trade-winds. Above the constellation of the Cross, —

"Mid stars unnumbered,
And exceeding beautiful,"

shone brightly and conspicuously, the ob-

ject of untiring admiration and of heavenly thought, while a full-orbed moon cast her mild and silvery beams mildly over the surrounding waters below. The loveliness of the scene thus exhibited, had detained the friends till a late hour on deck, and the rapid approaches they were making to a port, at which a separation was expected to take place, led them to a review, in their conversation, of the period passed since the death of their shipmate.

Conscious that a change, affecting his entire feelings and character, in relation to the welfare and destiny of the soul, had occurred within it, the young sailor had ventured to believe, that, "through the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost," he was a new creature in Christ Jesus; and yielding himself to that peace of conscience and joy of heart, which such a persuasion alone can impart to a contrite spirit, he thus gave utterance and illustration to the affections of his bosom,

while every feature of his countenance, moulded in manliness of beauty seldom surpassed, was filled with beamings the most ingenuous and attractive:

“ Oh! how different does life now appear to me, and how different death! I recollect once to have been in circumstances in which I thought death inevitable. It was on board a small vessel, on the American coast, overtaken by a terrific gale, just at nightfall, in the vicinity of a dangerous and iron-bound island. Such was the violence of the tempest, that it soon became impracticable to carry the least canvas to keep the vessel off the shore, which, though not in sight, was known to be near; and it was less a surprising than a horror-thrilling sound, to hear the cry of ‘breakers on the lee-bow!’ made from the fore-deck before midnight; while the thunderings of a heavy surf came booming on the ear, above the roar of the winds and the raging of the sea. Every one believed an escape impos-

sible; and, as an only refuge, I seized a spar near me, with the intention of lashing myself to it, when the fearful concussion between the ship and the rocks should be felt. Soon a long line of white foam was distinctly seen through the darkness of the night, swelling mast high, and then bursting with tremendous force over the pointed summits of a range of cliffs,—all was given up as lost! At this instant, as if by miracle, our little bark was swept past the danger, on the heavings of the very billow which seemingly a moment later would have hurled her to utter ruin; and we found ourselves in comparative safety under the lee of the headland, which had so nearly proved fatal.

“I have thought of the scene a hundred times within the last few weeks, and of the vain refuge to which I then looked for security and comfort. Oh how different would my thoughts and feelings now be, if placed in similar circumstances! Should

shipwreck and death now befall me, thanks be to the grace of God, my dependence and consolation would not be on a piece of timber, as perishable in the war of elements, as my own strength would be unavailing against their power; but," elevating his eyes to the heavens, and fixing them, filled with confidence and joy on the emblem of the cross, "IN THE HOPE OF SALVATION, — THE LIFE-BUOY OF THE SOUL!"



THE DYING SAILOR AND THE MISSIONARY.

SOME years ago, an American missionary at Constantinople was passing through a street near the water, when his attention was attracted by a crowd, and on inquiry he learned that an American sailor had fallen down in the street and was dying of the cholera. He immediately made his

way through the crowd, and found that it was even so, to all appearance, as had been related to him. There lay in the middle of the street a sailor boy, not more than eighteen years of age, apparently very near his end. Mr. H. lost no time, but immediately procured a room near by, and had the individual carried there, at the same time sending for a physician. God blessed the efforts so promptly made, and the sailor boy recovered. It was a slow process, however, and during the two or three weeks of his convalescence, Mr. H. and the other missionaries visited him frequently, and endeavored to deal faithfully with his soul. He was exceedingly ignorant of the gospel, but God shined into his heart by the light of his Holy Spirit, and he was soon an intelligent and joyful believer in Christ Jesus. He took passage to Boston in a homeward-bound vessel; and he was not long on shore before he found his way to a prayer-meeting for

sailors in the seaman's chapel. In the course of the meeting an opportunity was given for any one who pleased to offer prayer. This young man arose, and in the fulness and simplicity of his heart, for the first time in his life became the organ of address in prayer for a large assembly. The beginning of his prayer was rather abrupt, but it was an index to the true feelings of his heart toward those strangers in a foreign land who had succored him in the time of his distress. The first sentence he uttered was, "O, Lord God, *bless the missionaries.*" The sequel of the story is, that this same sailor boy who was found by the missionaries perishing in the filthy gutters, became a *preacher of the gospel* in America, zealously laboring to bring multitudes of his fellow sinners to a saving acquaintance with Christ!

THE CONVERTED MURDERER, AND THE PRAYING MOTHER.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE.

By a late Chaplain of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

"CAPTAIN R., would you like a chaplain on your steamer?"

"Indeed, I would, sir," was his prompt reply. He then added a remark which indicated something of deeper import than mere courtesy: "Yes, I *do* wish to have a chaplain on board. We *need him*, for it seems to me that the State prison has been let loose upon me. We have in the crew thieves and burglars, and, on our way out, one man committed a cool-blooded murder, for which we have him now in irons."

I had been for some years a chaplain in one of the large eastern ports of South America, but the health of my family required a speedy removal to the United

States. It was my intention to go home in a sailing vessel, and over the Atlantic Ocean. A portion of my baggage was already on board of a Boston bark, but the entrance of a steamer, on her way around to California, changed my plans. I found that I could go through the Straits of Magellan, touch at Valparaiso, cross the Isthmus of Panama, and thence from Aspinwall, reach New York sooner and much more comfortably than by the usual direct route, which was four thousand miles shorter. But the prospects of a crew of such men as the captain described, and of a murderer as a fellow-passenger, were not the most agreeable. Duty, however, was clear, and on a beautiful day we steamed out of the harbor and steered for the Straits of Magellan.

As soon as we were fairly at sea, I went into the dark hole of the steerage to see the prisoner. He was not only a pitiable object, but the most hardened man that I

had ever conversed with. In addition to the awful crime of the deliberate and premeditated murder of a fellow being, he had also attempted that still more awful — that unpardonable crime — *self-murder*. His neck was bandaged, and irons upon his feet. He had doubtless been recently furnished with liquor by some of the crew. He was filthy in appearance, and evidently endeavored to look as forbidding as possible, in order that he might bluff me off. Indeed, he subsequently confessed that that was his aim at my first interview. My endeavor was to win his confidence. In reply to some questions as to the place of his nativity, I learned that his mother was a pious, praying woman. Before I left him, he told me that he was once a Sunday-school scholar, and that his teacher was the beloved and now sainted Mrs. Smith — the wife of the Syrian Missionary — whose devotion to her Master, is known to all who had read her interest-

ing biography, published by the American Tract Society.

I went up to the cabin with a lighter heart than when I left it! I said to my wife, "Though he is the most hardened man that I ever saw, yet I have *hope*; for God will not forget the prayers of that pious mother, or those offered years ago by that now sainted Sabbath school teacher."

The next time I saw the prisoner, I addressed him in regard to repentance — showing him the enormity of his crime, &c., &c. — but it was of no avail. "I am not sorry," he said, "I have no repentance about it. I have been awake whole nights, but have not shed one tear, or felt one pang of remorse." Before leaving him, I presented him a Bible, and exhorted him to read it. I believe he accepted it, and promised its perusal more out of compliance with my wishes, than from any desire to seek remission of sins in that fountain

which cleanseth from all impurity. Day after day found him the same indifferent man.

When our steamer was ploughing through the mountain-riven Straits of Magellan, I learned from him that he knew the Rev. D. T., who was then, as now, laboring at Valparaiso. My heart leaped within me. I said to myself, God will make use of the association of the past connection with the Rev. Mr. T., to reclaim this one who has wandered so far from the paths of virtue. As we turned up the Pacific, I could see no change. He still was awfully profane, he drank fire-water whenever he could obtain it, and he poisoned his soul with those polluting yellow-covered publications, so often placed by the devil's colporteurs aboard sea-going vessels.

We arrived at Valparaiso. My first inquiry was for the Rev. D. T. My heart sank within me as I learned that he had

gone many days' journey over the Andes, to Mendoza. No arrangements had been made for coaling the steamer here; she must go down the coast three hundred miles, to Lota. I determined, with my family, to remain until the steamer returned. We had the kindest hospitality from the Rev. Mr. W., an excellent missionary of the American and Foreign Christian Union. In ten days the steamer reëntered the harbor, and on the very evening before her departure, Mr. T. had recrossed the Andes, and was once more in Valparaiso. We visited the prisoner together. He recalled a revival in which he had heard Mr. T. officiate, but remarked, "how different is my position now." Mr. T. commended him to Jesus. With much feeling the prisoner replied, "What good does it do for me to turn to the Bible. It condemns me at every step. This morning, only, I opened and read, "I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when

your fear cometh; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me."

How terrible were the utterances of that passage under such circumstances. But, fearful as it was, I rejoiced. The hardened sinner, who, in the Atlantic, felt no compunctions of conscience, now, in the Pacific, had a heart full of forebodings. He felt himself condemned, lost. The word of God was having its legitimate effect of convicting the sinner, and showing him that there is no refuge from sin save in the overshadowing Rock.

We left Valparaiso for Panama. The second day out, I was by the side of the fettered man, conveying to him a message from some one at Valparaiso, whose remarks had hurt his (the prisoner's) feelings. The import of my message was that the remarks were not made with any intention to wound. To my surprise he

looked up with a placid countenance, and said, "Oh, never mind, I think no more of it; please read this." He handed me a letter. It was to his mother. It was a heart-rending epistle, telling of his crime, for which he confessed himself most guilty, stating that he was on his way to San Francisco, where he expected to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, adding I "fear not the death of the body, but that which comes after. O mother, pray for me. Efforts are made by Mr. and Mrs. — for the true peace of my soul, but I have not found that peace." When I concluded the perusal of that letter, he said to me, with great feeling, "Mr. —, that letter to my mother cost me my first tear. Oh, do you think that there is any hope for me? can such a sinner as I am be saved?" His agony moved me much. I pointed him to the case of the Apostle Paul, who was a persecutor and a murderer of his fellow-men, and was instigated to this by

his hatred of the Saviour. So vile did the apostle consider himself, that he exclaimed that he was the "chief" of sinners, yet, that it was "a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came to save sinners."

He caught every word that fell from my lips. His breath was no longer polluted with the fumes of alcohol. His reading for days and nights back, had only been the pure word of God, of which the most striking passages were marked, and appeared as if they had been constantly handled. I knelt with him in prayer. It was the first time that any opening had been given for this. As I prayed, the agonized prisoner sobbed as if his heart would break. The tears flowed in torrents down those hardened cheeks. When I had concluded, he, at my request, narrated to me that after the steamer went down to Lota for coals, he was one night visited by one of the few sympathizers he had on

board. This so-called friend, said, "Come now, ——, here is a file and a pistol; outside the wheel-house is a plank. If you know what you're about, you'll not be strung up in San Francisco." "When all were asleep," continued the prisoner, "I commenced filing off my irons. I had nearly cut through one of them, when I reflected that this part of Chili was wild, or only inhabited by cruel savages, and in the state in which my neck was, I would surely perish, either by man or by exposure to the weather. So I determined to end the whole matter by shooting myself. I grasped the pistol, held it to my head, was just applying my finger to the trigger, when it seemed to me a voice cried to me with emphasis and power, '*stop.*' My hand fell, and from that moment I felt myself a *sinner*. I blackened the part of the iron which I had filed, and determined to await my fate. O Mr. ——, do you think there is any hope for a sinner like me?"

These piercing words rung in my ear, and I left the hold. My wife heard, with deep interest, my narration, and instantly wrote a copy of Miss Elliot's touching verses, beginning, —

“Just as I am, without one plea,
Save that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !”

Joining with this the tract, entitled “Salvation to the Uttermost,” we both descended to the prisoner's place. We again prayed with him, and left the little missives. That night I found him in a far different frame of mind. He had a peace, a calm in remarkable contrast with his stormy, troubled agitation of the morning. He said to me, “My doubts are now removed. I do see that there is salvation to the uttermost.” His conversation was like that of a new-born soul, and I believed that he was then a Christian; that

he had, by faith, laid hold of the Saviour. I, however, did not tell him so. Every day his hopes grew brighter. His Bible was his all in all. He made no noisy demonstrations of his change, but his whole conduct and appearance indicated it. He changed his filthiness for cleanliness. He looked you in the face. He took an interest in the salvation of souls around him. This is the surest evidence that one has passed from death into life. There was on board a South Carolinian, who had shown kindness to the prisoner, when he was apparently abandoned by God and man. With gentleness he won this passenger to the word of God. The Carolinian became deeply concerned for his own salvation. One night, when it was near the small hours, I stole down into the steerage. All there were asleep except two. Their backs were toward me, and my approach was not observed. I drew near, and heard the prisoner reading in a clear and solemn

voice, to the tall southerner, who bent to catch each word. “*Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*” I listened again, and heard the distinct answer to this mighty question: “I thank God, *through Jesus Christ our Lord.*” I then made myself known, and after explaining to them the Scriptures, and praying with them, retired, leaving the tract entitled “Joy in Heaven over one Sinner who repenteth.”

The next morning I sought the prisoner. By this time, he who before had been such a revolting object, in more senses than one, had now become a favorite. His gentleness and true humility had won those who before had been his most violent denouncers. Even the most skeptical as to his sudden change of conduct, had, at length, to acknowledge that religion alone could effect such a revolution. He said to me, “After you left us last night, we read that tract until we could go no further for weeping. He (the southerner) went to his berth,

which is not far away, and I heard him there sobbing. I could not stand it. I hobbled to him, as well as I could, with my irons, and there prayed with him, in that Psalm (the 70th) which has been such a prayer for me. I remained with him until morning, and now he trusts that he has passed from death unto life. And I *do believe* that I love the Lord Jesus too." I grasped his hand, and called him for the first time, "brother," and told him that for a number of days I had considered him a child of God, but that I had been careful not to tell him so, as I feared to excite a false security in his mind.

Sweet was the interview with these new-born souls before I arrived at Panama. There, with tears in my eyes, I bade farewell to the prisoner, not hoping ever to see him this side of eternity. He had no expectations of any other fate than that of capital punishment. He was calmer than I was, and fortified my departure by quoting

to me consoling passages of Scripture. I had given him letters of introduction to one of the clergymen of San Francisco, and exhorted him to send for him as soon as he should arrive. As we parted, he gave me a second letter for his mother, which told of his new hopes, and of the victory which in Jesus he felt that he had obtained over the second death.

So clear a case of conversion I had never met with in my ministerial experiences.

I crossed the Isthmus of Panama, while the —— steamer made her way up the California coast. In a few days I was at New York. It was that season of the year when Christians came together to hear of the advance of Christ's kingdom. Those anniversaries were singularly free from bickering and contention. I was called upon to make some remarks at the Anniversary of the American Seamen's Friend Society. As my mind was full of the recent interesting case narrated above,

I gave a short account of the prisoner's conversion. When I had concluded, a venerable gentleman on the platform seized my hand, and earnestly said, "I thank you in the name of that mother." He informed me that he was the pastor of the church of which the prisoner's mother was a member. I mentioned to him that the murderer said to me, at parting, "Mr. —, I thought you a very foolish man when you embarked on our steamer, to go to the United States, so far out of the way, around South America, when you might have gone home so much more directly over the Atlantic Ocean. But now I see that God, in his mercy, sent you on this long journey." The venerable clergyman, however, gave me some information which was more surprising still. He told me that he had not heard of the awful crime referred to, until he opened a paper in the cars, and saw its startling announcement. He was overwhelmed. He arrived in his village, hast-

ened home, and shut himself up. Soon, however, a ring of his bell informed him that he was sent for. With heart bowed down, he went to the house of the widow. When he entered her dwelling, he found her standing by a table, upon which were two *unopened* letters. She had learned the terrible news of her son's crime through the New York papers. She had not yet sufficient courage to unseal those letters, the handwriting of whose superscription she had so easily recognized. Addressing her pastor, she exclaimed, "This sad news wrings my widowed heart. It crushes me; but, however afflicting it is, I feel sure of one thing, that God will bring good to my poor, straying son, out of this great evil, *for he is the child of many prayers!*"

His name be praised! those faithful prayers had been answered. The letters were soon opened, and oh! who can depict the consolation that was poured into that mother's heart. She seemed resigned to

the future, dreadful as it might be, when she learned that the Saviour was precious to her once wayward son.

Weeks rolled by, and I visited that mother. This is not the place to depict that interview. In course of time I received letters both from the prisoner and from the Rev. Mr. —, to whom I had given an introduction. Both bore gratifying evidence of the growth in grace of one who had so auspiciously begun his Christian career. His trial came on, and, on account of some disagreement in the jury, it was remanded to another term. When that term came around, the court, for some cause, discharged the prisoner. He himself was entirely ignorant that any measures were brought to bear for his liberation. He returned home to his devoted mother, and gladdened her household by his godly walk and conversation, and though the scars of sin are deep, love can hide them all. The last time I heard from

him, he was journeying with hope toward the New Jerusalem.



"LOOK ALOFT."

THE celebrated Dr. Godman, of Philadelphia, used to relate an incident which was of great practical value to him in the trying scenes of his after life.

During a voyage at sea, when he was a young man, he observed a lad, who was also on his first voyage, sent aloft on duty. He was out on a yard, looking down, and vainly trying to plant his feet on a swinging rope. As the rope flew from side to side furiously, it was evident the poor lad was getting discouraged, and dizzy, and ready to fall, when the mate shouted, at the top of his voice, "Look aloft! look aloft! you lubber." Looking aloft saved his life. Piety will make the practical application.

"LOOK ALOFT."

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart, —
"Look aloft," and be firm and fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows, like clouds, are arrayed,
"Look aloft" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest, — the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom, — in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh ! when Death comes, in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft," and depart !

FAITH.

A SAILOR meeting another who was anxiously inquiring the way of salvation, thus addressed him : “ It was just so with myself once ; I did not know what faith was, or how to obtain it ; but I know now what it is, and I believe I possess it. But I do not know that I can tell you what it is, or how to get it. I can tell you what it is not. It is not knocking off swearing and drinking, and such like ; it is not reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good ; it is none of these : for even if they would answer for the time to come, there is the old score still, and how are you to get clear of that ? It is not any thing you have done or can do ; it is only believing and trusting in what Christ has done ; it is forsaking your sins, and looking for their pardon and the salvation of your soul, because He died and shed His blood for sin ; and it is nothing else.”

THE PIRATE GIBBS.

THIS man was born in Rhode Island, of highly respectable parents. At school he learned busily, but was "sulky and refractory," and was expelled. He was then put upon a farm to labor. He did not like to work, and at the age of fifteen he went to sea privately, in opposition to the friendly counsel of his parents. After his first voyage, he was "set up" in business by his friends. He opened a grocery store in Ann Street, Boston. His principal trade was in *intoxicating liquors*. He had a "*License to retail spirits*." He soon failed in business, and with \$100 in his possession, went to sea again. Soon after his arrival at the port to which he sailed, he spent all his money. He then enlisted on board a privateer, and having a quarrel with the commander, engaged in a mutiny. The mutineers took possession of the vessel,

landed the crew, and sailed for the West Indies to engage in *piracy*. In a short time, more than twenty vessels were captured, and nearly *four hundred persons murdered!*

In the midst of his career of wickedness, he was heard to say, "How often, when the fumes of liquor have subsided, have I thought of my good and affectionate parents, and their God-like advice! But when the little monitor began to move within me, I immediately seized the cup to hide myself from myself, and drank until the sense of intoxication was removed. My friends advised me to behave myself like a man, and promised me their assistance; but the demon still haunted me, and I spurned their advice."

He revisited Boston in 1826, and sailed for Buenos Ayres in the Brig Hitty, of Portsmouth, and after a career of dreadful wickedness, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to be hung. In a letter written

by him in prison, he says: "It is impossible to describe unto you the horror of my feelings. My breast is like the tempestuous ocean, raging in its own shame, harrowing up the bottom of my soul." He was executed April 22, 1831, in the city of New York. What a warning to boys who are disobedient to their parents!

JOHN MAYNARD.

JOHN MAYNARD was well known in the Lake district as a God-fearing, honest, intelligent pilot. He was pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time those steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out, "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the

ship is on fire." Then, "Fire! fire! on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed on the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and inquired of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam." "Is there any danger?" "Danger *here*; see the smoke bursting out; *go forward*, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire, clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir." "How does she head?" "South-east-by-east, sir!" "Head her south-east,

and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set; with the other hand upon the wheel, he stood as firm as a rock. He beached the ship, — every man, woman, and child was saved, — as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others; it is worth a greater effort to save a man from moral ruin, — to save a child from drunkenness, — than from fire.



GUILT AND CONFESSION.

SEVERAL years since, the commander of a vessel, on the eve of sailing for America,

from Calcutta, was applied to by a seaman, for the purpose of being engaged in his employ. He professed to be an Englishman, and, by his conversation, appeared to be above the class of ordinary sailors. He was pale and thin, and withal had such a careworn and dejected countenance, that he seemed hardly fitted to undertake the duties of a long voyage. He produced, however, testimonials of faithfulness and industry from several respectable employers, and, as he declared himself in good health, and stated that the climate had caused his temporary emaciation, he was engaged, and forthwith entered upon the duties of his new station.

After the vessel had set sail, he became distinguished among his fellow seamen for his reserve, and unwillingness to be associated with them, evidently not from pride, or personal dislike to them, but from a peculiar sullenness of temper; and the abstracted and unhappy look which he always wore,

and the short, repulsive answers which he gave to all, soon estranged him from the kind regards, and even the passing notice of his companions. He was, however, steadily seen at his duties, passively and sincerely obedient to every order, neglecting nothing that was assigned to him, and, under all circumstances, appearing cold, and unmoved, and uninterested.

“Never,” said his commander, “have I seen such a personification of a statue. His features were as of chiselled marble, — fixed and unrelaxing, and his eyes with one amazing expression of sullen despair. In so large a ship’s company, we were not often thrown into close and familiar contact, and when not in the act of obeying my immediate orders, he would always avoid me when I approached him. Though there were several things in his air and conduct to repel inquiry, yet I several times ventured to ask him particulars of his health or history. His answers, though respectful,

were short and unsatisfactory; and, indeed, he seemed possessed of a peculiar faculty of repulsing even his superiors.

“ Nearly two months of the voyage had passed without any incident occurring worthy of note. I had remarked no change in him, except that he had become evidently much emaciated; and although no complaint escaped him, he was visibly and daily losing strength. When I told him I was willing to excuse him from his more laborious duties, he coldly replied: ‘ I do not wish to be idle. I am not so strong as I might be, but I am well enough.’ This was said in his usual repulsive tone, and as I saw his unwillingness to receive even the expressions of kindness or interest, I forbore to molest him further.

“ About this time, we experienced a severe hurricane, which required every one at his post, and at active duty. In the course of the day I missed the English seaman, and on asking for him, was told

he was so feeble as to be unable to leave his bed. Being myself constantly engaged in the duties of my station, I gave orders that he should be well taken care of ; and when I afterwards inquired about him, I was always told, that he was well enough, but was too cross and lazy to work, — that it was no use to offer him any kindness, as he would only answer angrily in return ; and that he was of too bad a temper even to eat more than occasionally a sea biscuit. Even if I had had leisure to attend to him, I own I had almost conceived a dislike to the man, so forbidding and disagreeable had been his whole behavior ; consequently, I felt but little inclination to have more intercourse with him than was necessary. My engagements, however, were too peremptory to admit of further attentions on my part than inquiries respecting him.

“ For three weeks we experienced such a continuance of boisterous and severe weather, that every man in the ship was

almost in constant requisition. I was myself worn down with want of rest; and I should have thought two hours of uninterrupted sleep a luxury.

“At length we were cheered by the return of fair weather, and never was rest more needed and welcomed by all. It had become almost a perfect calm, and about midnight I had thrown myself across a berth and fallen asleep. I had been sleeping probably not more than half an hour, when I was awakened by a slight noise, and standing up, I beheld at the foot of the cabin stairs, a tall, strange-looking figure, wrapped in a sheet, which nearly touched the ground! One wasted arm was exposed, and as the emaciated hand grasped the sheet, it seemed as if through the transparent skin every bone could be counted. The bright moonlight enabled me to discern every feature, and so intensely were the black sunken eyes fixed upon me, that for an instant a feeling of awe came over me.

The next moment I was on my feet, and receiving no answer to my question of 'Who are you?' I stepped forward and raised my hand as if to grasp the arm, when the man replied in a low voice, 'Do me no harm, sir, I am Ned Wilson.' It was the English sailor, whom I had not seen for three weeks, and who had become so altered, that not until I had looked fixedly at him, did I recognize his pallid features. I said to him in a stern tone, 'And what has brought you here at such an hour? Come, go immediately to bed.' He answered, but in a tone of voice so unlike his usual manner of speaking, that I was touched in a moment. 'Don't speak harshly to me, sir, I beseech you.' 'Well, then,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'tell me what has brought you here at such an hour. It is not fit that one so enfeebled as you appear to be, should be out of his bed. Come, I will take you back.' 'No, no,' and he gasped for breath, as he laid his hand upon my arm, 'they —

my messmates — would hear what I have to say, and it must not be.' The thought instantly occurred to me that he was not in his right mind, and I again said to him, 'Come, come, you must go back; it is very wrong for you to be here — you will be better in bed.' 'Sir,' said he, in a solemn tone, 'you must hear me. I rise from my death-bed to tell you what no other ears must hear, and which must be told before I die, or,' he stopped, and a convulsive shuddering shook his whole frame. 'Or what!' I asked. 'Or my soul is lost forever!'

"I was for a moment subdued and awed by his unearthly appearance, and the solemn stillness that reigned around added effect to what he said. It again occurred to me that he might be raving, and I again endeavored to persuade him to go to bed. But he stopped me with — 'As a dying man, I will be heard; and if you will save my soul, you will hear me.'

Willing to soothe his increasing agitation, I told him to be brief, as — if he wished to communicate any thing secretly to me — we should be interrupted by the awakening of those sleeping near us. He looked suspiciously around, and approaching me closely, whispered, ‘But you must swear, swear solemnly, never, never to reveal what I shall confess.’ I promised faithfully to keep his secret; and as, in broken and detached sentences, he related the particulars of a dreadful crime which he had committed several years before, I became almost as agitated as himself. As he concluded he seemed relieved of a fearful burden. We were both silent for several minutes. ‘And now,’ said he, grasping my arm and looking in my face, as if his destiny depended on my answer, ‘tell me if my soul is lost forever.’

“I replied, ‘yours is a dreadful crime; but to the repentant sinner there is offered free forgiveness.’

“ ‘Repentant!’ he exclaimed, ‘God, who sees my heart, knows if I have repented or not; but I have never ventured to ask his forgiveness, convinced that he would have no mercy for me.’

“ ‘Why have you presumed to set limits to his mercy?’ I said. He paused, and then answered, ‘For so many years have I been accustomed to think of Him only as the angry judge of my soul, that I have never thought of His mercy? If I had thought of it, I should also have remembered that He has promised to punish the wicked.’

“ I replied, ‘He will punish the wicked, but the penitent sinner He will receive and pardon.’

“ ‘But my sin!’ said he, emphatically, ‘can such be within reach of his mercy.’

“ I answered, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin; wash in it, and be clean.’

“ ‘Oh, those precious words!’ he ex-

claimed, 'they are like some half-remembered dream. I have heard them many, many years ago ; can they indeed speak to me ?' He sank back faint and exhausted, and with difficulty I conveyed him to his bed. I offered him some refreshment, which somewhat revived him, and giving him in charge of one of his companions, was leaving him to repose, which he seemed so much to require, when he beckoned me to remain, and made signs to me to speak more. I told him he was not in a condition to hear more that night, and that I would see him in the morning. He stretched out his hand, and clasping mine would not relax his hold. I stopped and whispered, 'I must leave you alone with God ; to him make confession of your sin, and implore forgiveness. I cannot save you from His wrath, but One mighty to save you has interceded for you, and He will prevail. He has invited you to come to Him, and accept the salvation which he died to obtain for you.'

“He pressed my hand and then released me, repeating almost inaudibly, ‘To-morrow.’

“The next day, so soon as my leisure would permit, I again visited him, carrying with me a Bible, which I presented to him. He received it joyfully, and exclaimed, ‘This is the message of salvation.’ He was extremely weak, and spoke with difficulty. His calm and pleasant answers had attracted the attention of his companions; and they gathered around him, with their characteristic kindness, to administer to his wants. I heard them as I passed, wondering what could have changed his angry way toward them. He told me himself, he felt like another being; and from day to day he continued to rejoice in the new view he had of the character of God.

“He lingered two or three weeks, and then died calm and resigned. As his bodily frame became more wasted and feeble, his mind seemed supported and strengthened.

His Bible was always open before him, and he was almost constantly engaged in prayer, his lips moving when he could no longer articulate. He expressed strong faith in the merits of a Saviour, and when thanking me for having led him to that safe refuge, he said: 'Sir, it was confession of sin that brought me to his feet. If I had been taught in early life to confess my sins constantly to God, I should never have despaired of His mercy. But I went on from sin to sin, reckless and hardened, until I was tempted to commit that fearful crime. I thought I had already sinned past forgiveness, and that this one could make me no worse. But confession of sin brought repentance for sin; then this hard heart was softened, and first felt the need and sufficiency of the Saviour. Oh, those who confess their sins to God, and repent, will never stay away from Christ.'"

THE SAILOR-BOY.

GRACE is exemplified in the conversion of Edward B——, the only son of a farmer, who lived in the neighborhood of D——, and who was esteemed by those who knew him, as a person of strong sense and sound principle, and as being possessed of a warm heart and an open hand. From his cradle, young B—— was a wayward boy. There was no day that marked the bent of his mind more than the Sabbath. To young B—— it was a season of restless uneasiness; for, from early morn till night, he was obliged to be engaged in exercises in which his heart had no share.

When B—— was about fourteen years of age, he meditated an escape from his father's house; but he kept the secret to himself, till, having accompanied his mother to Leith, for sea-bathing, he one morning disappeared, leaving the following note on the parlor table:

“MY DEAR MOTHER,— When you receive this I shall be at sea. I have long had a desire to visit strange places, and to become acquainted with new things; and I thought if I proposed going abroad, my father would not consent to my wishes. Do not put yourself about on my account. Though I begin my voyage as a common sailor, I am led to expect promotion very soon. At all events, I have taken the step, and it cannot now be retraced.

“Your affectionate son, E. B.”

It were useless to attempt to describe the feelings of the mother on this trying occasion. She was absolutely stupefied with grief, the excess of which threw her into a lingering disorder, which terminated her existence. As for the bereaved and disconsolate father, his sorrow, which was at first violent, sunk down at length into a settled melancholy, which ate out the soul of life's best enjoyments, and rendered duty, and even life itself, burdensome.

Farmer B——, having at length learned the name of the vessel in which his son sailed, wrote to Edward, but received no answer. In the mean time, years rolled on, but brought no tidings of the runaway, till one evening, in the depth of winter, as the icicles hung from the windows, and the drift fell so thick that one could scarcely see a yard before him, a loud knocking came to the door. Not one of the servants heard it; for, though the storm raged without, they felt not its fury; and so all were as busy as the bee, and cheerful as the lark. The knocking continued, and at length reached the ear of farmer B——, who sat alone in his little parlor, with his Bible open before him, and his dog reposing at his feet. "This is not a night for a human creature to be exposed," muttered the farmer, as he hastily snatched up the candle, and directed his steps toward the door. It proved to be a shipwrecked sailor, hungry and half naked, and shivering with

cold. He told his tale in an artless and touching manner, and begged a morsel of food and lodging for the night. "Have the poor fellow in," said the farmer to some of the servants now in attendance, "and take him to the fire, and let him be warmed and fed. Perhaps," he added, and the tears fell as he spoke, "he, too, has a father."

As Jack sat and smoked his pipe by the blazing fire, round which the servants were ranged, each engaged with some piece of employment, he soon forgot both his past sufferings and his present weariness, and joined the loudest in the song, and the merriest in the laugh. He recounted to his wondering audience the perils he had undergone, the feats he had achieved, and the losses he had sustained. He talked, too, of the different countries he had visited, the various customs he had seen, and the jolly tars with whom he had met and parted. "But among them all," he added, "none

of them ever left such a blank in the heart of Jack T——, at parting, as Ned B—— did. Poor Ned! he was as brave a heart as ever set foot on a ship's deck, or whistled on the top of a mast to the howl of the tempest. But he's moored, now. Peace be with his shattered hulk!" "Ned, did you say, young man?" asked a silver-haired domestic, in the form of an old shepherd, who till this moment had listened with deep interest to the stories of the sailor, without seeming to enjoy either the merriment or the music. "Had you a comrade of the name of B——?" "That I had," replied Jack. He died on a reef of rocks, on which our gallant vessel foundered, and on which those of our ship's company were cast who escaped the fury of the waves. I have in my possession papers of his, which, with his dying breath, he charged me to deliver to his father; though, poor soul, in the hurry and distress of the moment, he forgot to say, and I to

ask, whereabouts his father lived." "You will not refuse to show the papers to the master?" asked old Robin, his breast heaving with conflicting emotions. "Perhaps he may be able to direct you to the lad's father. At least, I guess as much." The sailor made no objections, and rose to accompany Robin. "But wait a little," added the old man. "I must break the matter to the old gentleman. Hear ye, sir! the lad ye speak of is his own, his only child, or I am sorely mistaken. He has long mourned over his lost Edward, and I doubt not that the certainty of his death will kill him outright." So saying, he threw aside his employment, and entering the parlor, told his tale in as delicate a way as possible, and then waited in the doorway for an answer. "Eh?" said the farmer, looking up wistfully, "did you speak of Edward? did you say he was dead?" "I know not what Edward it may be," replied old Robin. "I only thought, sir, that

as the two names answered, there could be no harm in looking at the papers addressed to his father." "Bring the lad in, Robin; bring him in," repeated the farmer; and, as he spoke, his frame shook convulsively, and a thick film passed before his eyes, which for a moment interrupted his vision.

"For all sakes," cried Robin, "do not be in so much trouble. Perhaps it may not be true. Who knows but the rogue has made the story for the sake of getting charity? At any rate, if you make yourself both blind and stupid, you will neither see to read the papers nor be able to comprehend them." Thus fortified by the shepherd's sage reasoning, Farmer B—— endeavored to retain both his sight and his understanding; but no sooner did he discover on one of two letters that were handed to him his own penmanship and signature, than both again fled, and he fainted away. It was long before his physician allowed him to peruse the papers of his mourned

and now forever lost son. He however was able to give directions about Jack, who was sent away well provided with both clothes and money.

Farmer B—— (as I before said) had written to his son, but received no answer. One of the papers handed to him by the sailor was his own letter, and the other Edward's reply, written but a short time before the shipwreck, but which, from various causes, never had been forwarded. It was as follows :

“MY DEAR FATHER,—I know not in what terms to address myself to you, whom I have so much injured and distressed; but neither my conscience nor my feelings will allow me to remain longer silent. I received your letter, containing the mournful tidings of my dear mother's death. She never, you say, recovered the shock of my disappearance. Ah, what a fool I have been! I have been the murderer of her

who bore me, and the destroyer of my own prospects. I have been most unfortunate at sea, have twice suffered shipwreck, and both times been stripped of every thing, not excepting my body clothes and hammock. It was, it is true, not wealth, but liberty that lured me from home; but I have got as little of liberty as of wealth. I have got much hard duty to perform; far at sea, and exposed to every change of weather. But for pride and shame, I would have been with you long ago. These, however, have latterly been made to give way to more powerful feelings; and, while I write this, I am on my way to my father's house.

"No doubt, my dear father, you wish to know what sort of feelings those were which could influence the determined temper of your unhappy son to quit forever a sailor's life, and to endure the scoff of the world in his own neighborhood. You shall be gratified.

"I have spoken of shipwrecks, but these

came and went without bringing me to my senses. No sooner was the danger over and a glass of grog in my power, than I was the same unreflecting, mad fool as before. It pleased Almighty God, however, to speak at length to my soul in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too awful to be forgotten. We were making within the warm latitudes, when a mortal sickness broke out in the ship, during which the lifeless body of many a brave fellow was committed to the deep. I was daily called to assist in this mournful office, which at length became so painful to my feelings, and so depressing to my spirits, as nearly to incapacitate me for active duty. It was at this period that I first began to think seriously on the state of my soul. Where were the departed spirits of my comrades? Alas! their lives but too plainly told that they were unfit for the regions of purity, and I had but one other conclusion to make regarding them. The thought was dread-

ful. I shuddered at an eternity of torment, though, as yet, I felt no inclination to forsake my sins, nor any desire after holiness, without which the Bible says no one can see the Lord.

“I was sitting one day on deck watching the movements of the vessel, and ruminating on the forlorn condition to which I had brought myself, when a young gentleman, a passenger on board (perceiving, I suppose, my dejected look) accosted me in a friendly manner, and took a seat by my side. He proved to be a missionary, sent out by a society in Scotland for the propagation of the gospel among the heathens. We got into conversation, which was at first of a general character; but on my using the word ‘bad luck,’ he looked at me with an air of pity mixed with severity, and said, ‘My dear fellow, there is not such a thing in God’s universe as bad luck. Every thing is conducted under the superintendence of the Almighty, whose care extends

to that very surf on the brim of the ocean.' 'The more then,' said I, 'is the wonder that there is so much suffering in the world.' 'That there is so little rather,' he replied. 'Man is a sinner, and as such deserves God's wrath and curse. Should we, then, wonder that he at times allows us to feel the power of his anger? Should we not rather wonder that ever he permits us to experience his mercy and favor?' 'God knows, sir,' said I, 'that feeble flesh cannot stand constant suffering.' 'Yes,' answered the missionary firmly, 'God knows it, and blessed be his name! He has provided against it. He has sent his own Son to suffer in our stead; and any mental or bodily affliction with which he is pleased to visit us here, is neither to atone for our offences nor to punish our guilt, but to correct our faults and to fit us for heaven.' 'I know at least,' said I, 'that my faults have occasioned my troubles; for if I had not foolishly run off from the best home ever a boy had to leave,

I might have escaped much fatigue of body and more of pain to my feelings than I can express. And if sincere repentance for the step I have taken be any evidence that my troubles have corrected my faults, I have every reason to hope well of myself; for rather than live another month as I have lived, and do the duty I have done, I shall submit to the meanest employment and the hardest fare on land.' 'It would appear, my dear fellow,' said my companion, 'that your troubles have indeed shown you the evil consequences of sin in this world; but before you can become the object of saving repentance, they must show you more,—they must teach you not only that your faults have made your earthly condition bad, but also that they have hazarded the happiness of your precious soul for eternity; not only that you have offended and grieved your earthly parent, but also that you have dishonored your Father in heaven, and vexed his spirit. If you feel in this way,

the result will be the same with regard to your spiritual state as it is now with your earthly condition. As you have resolved, come what will, to leave off a sailor's life, and to return to your friends ; so, in God's strength, you will determine to quit forever your sins, which have separated you from your Maker, and return to your duty and to God.'

" The limits of a letter, my dear father, will not suffer me to tell you more of what passed between us, but I may add, that I became every day more and more attached to my spiritual instructor, though it was some time before I could say that the load was taken from my heart and the vail from my mind. I hope, however, that I have now obtained that peace which passeth understanding, and become in some measure acquainted with the joy of which the world knows nothing, but which constitutes in some measure the felicity of heaven. Such are my present views and feelings, which

I pray God to deepen in my mind. Pray for your rebellious son, who would, in deep contrition for the past, subscribe himself,

“His father’s in the bonds of the Gospel,
“E. B.”

“Let me praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men!” exclaimed farmer B——, on the first reading of this letter. “Poor Edward! he added, “he has indeed been on his way to his Father’s house, and he has now I trust reached it, for God never leaves his own work imperfect. Oh,” he continued, “what a miracle is the salvation of a sinner! and how useless are the best means, till once the spirit of God begins to work in the heart! I think I have erred there, I have trusted too much to human power, and too little to infinite mercy; and I have been shown my error. Certainly the medicine has tasted bitter, but I hope

the effect will be good. I shall try to be more humble for the future, more dependent on divine grace, and more afraid of offending Him whose eyes are as a flame of fire to discern the slightest blemish in his creatures."

"I AM LITTLE JACK."

A drunkard was one day staggering in drink on the brink of the sea. His little son by him, three years of age, being very hungry, solicited him for something to eat. The miserable father, conscious of his poverty, and of the criminal cause of it, in a kind of rage, occasioned by his intemperance and despair, hurled the little innocent into the sea, and made off with himself. The poor little sufferer, finding a plank floating by his side on the water, clung to it. The wind soon wafted him and the plank into the sea. A British man-of-war pass-

ing by discovered the plank and child; a sailor, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the sea, and brought him on board. He could inform them little more than that his name was Jack. They gave him the name of Poor Jack. He grew up on board that man-of-war, behaved well, and gained the love of all the officers and men. He became an officer of the sick and wounded department. During an action in the late war, an aged man came under his care nearly in a dying state. He was all attention to the dying stranger, but could not save his life.

The aged stranger was dying, and thus addressed this kind young officer: "For the great attention you have shown me, I give you this only treasure that I am possessed of (presenting him with a Bible bearing the stamp of the British and Foreign Bible Society). It was given to me by a lady; has been the means of my conversion; and has been a great comfort to me.

Read it, and it will 'lead you in the way you should go.'" He went on to confess the wickedness and profligacy of his life before the reception of his Bible; and, among other enormities, how he once cast a little son, three years old, into the sea, because he cried to him for needful food.

The young officer inquired of him the time and place, and found here was his own history. Reader, judge, if you can, of his feelings, to recognize in the dying old man his father, dying a penitent under his care! and judge of the feelings of the dying penitent, to find that same young stranger was his son,—the very son whom he had plunged into the sea, and had no idea but that he had immediately perished! A description of their mutual feelings will not be attempted. The old man soon expired in the arms of his son. The latter left the service and became a pious preacher of the gospel. On closing this story, the minister in the meeting of the Bible Society bowed

to the chairman, and said, "*Sir, I am little Jack.*"

"I CAN TRY, SIR."

A FEW years ago a fire broke out in the hold of an American steamer, at 4 o'clock, P. M., and ten miles from shore. John Maynard, an old pilot, was at the helm. At one time the fire seemed extinguished; but suddenly it broke out again, when the excited passengers gathered around the wheel-house, teasing the pilot with improper and useless questions: to which he replied, "Less talking and more praying: better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"Mr. Maynard," said the Captain, "keep her S. W.; we must go ashore anywhere."

The flames soon drove the passengers and sailors forward, leaving John Maynard, cut off from them by smoke and fire, at the helm alone.

“ Can you hold on five minutes longer, Mr. Maynard ? ” shouted the Captain. “ *I will try, sir !* ” was his noble reply.

As the flames came nearer, singing his hair, and rendering it impossible for him to stand erect at his post, he still held the boat to her course, by alternating first the right, then the left hand, till he felt her keel grate on the shore, and heard the Captain say, “ *Save the women first !* ”

All escaped except John Maynard, the old and faithful pilot.



WHY HE DID NOT LET GO.

WHEN the transport ship Empire struck near Fowl Key, but one man was lost, and he was steering the ship. He attempted to save her by putting the helm hard down ; but when nearly hard down the rudder struck the rocks, carrying him over and under the wheel several times, at each rev-

olution the handles of the wheel tearing his thigh most fearfully. Indeed, the flesh was literally torn off from the knee to the hip. When about to die from his injuries, Lieutenant Elder asked the brave man why he did not let go. His noble reply was, "Four hundred lives are more valuable than one."

**"NEVER WAS THERE A HARDER
STRUGGLE."**

THE clipper ship Trade Wind, Captain Nathaniel Webber, with a crew of thirty men, and eight missionaries and their families, as passengers, left New York, Nov. 13, 1852, for San Francisco. On the morning of the 21st day out, when about four hundred and fifty miles from land, she was discovered to be on fire in her cargo. A hole was cut through the deck, and bales of goods hoisted out to make room for the sailors to go down, one at a time, and turn through a

hose from the force-pump a stream of water on the burning mass. One by one they fell, suffocated and insensible from the carbonic acid gas ; and as soon as one was dragged out, another, no less bold, took his place and shared his fate, till each of the sixty had taken his turn — and some of them five or six times — in the suffocation of dying, and the convulsive agonies of coming to life again. “ At one time,” says an eye-witness, “ I counted *sixteen* of these generous fellows lying together on the deck. As soon as one was recovered sufficiently to work, he would go back and offer his services again.”

“ Thus,” adds another, “ several times did some of them throw themselves down into the smoking, gaseous hold, as if determined to extinguish the fire, or die in the attempt. Never in any battle was courage more fully tried. Never was there a harder struggle than this day exhibited.” And never was there sincerer joy over a victory.

"THERE WAS JOHN ON HIS KNEES."

A SHIPMASTER in New York, having discharged his crew and cargo, wanted a trusty man to take charge of his ship during a few days' absence in the country. John —, a sailor, was recommended. But he had no confidence in John, or any other sailor; he believed they would all steal when opportunities offered. However, as he could do no better, after having put every thing possible under lock and key, he duly installed John as ship-keeper. Before leaving the city next morning, he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and, unperceived, carefully opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him! The captain as carefully closed the door, and waited till John appeared, when he thus addressed him: "John"—handing him at the same time a bunch of keys from his

pocket — “John, you may open all those drawers and trunks, and air those things. John, keep a sharp look-out for those scamps along the wharves. John, keep every thing snug; I’ll be back on Tuesday.”

“GOD MUST HAVE DONE IT.”

“WHEN you saw me here in February,” said Captain M., to the seamen’s chaplain at Rio de Janeiro, “I had a black assistant steward, whose conduct was so outrageous that I had a good mind to drop him here. But I concluded to keep him. I gave him a most severe talking, and had scarcely any thing to do with him; in short, I saw but little of him for a long time. At length I was attracted by his neatness, cleanliness, and steadiness. What’s got into the boy, thought I to myself. I began to watch him. I found him going into the cabin oftener than I wished. I did not like that. One

day I went down unexpectedly, and, lo and behold, I found him in an out-of-the-way corner, *down on his knees praying!* I believe he was converted by the grace of God. There had been no one to talk with him, he could not read, and God must have done it. It changed the whole course of his life. He instantly set about learning to read, and was faithful to me. At Melbourne, where sailors were daily deserting ships to go to the mines, where even my second mate stole a boat and ran away, this boy stuck to the ship, and was a pattern of goodness, obedience, and fidelity."

A HEROIC AND FAITHFUL WIFE.

IN August, 1856, the ship Neptune's Car, Captain Joshua A. Patten, sailed from New York for San Francisco. His young wife, but twenty years of age, who had been with

him a previous voyage of seventeen months, now accompanied him. During the previous voyage, by way of amusement, she had sometimes aided her husband in his nautical observations, working up the time from the chronometers, and keeping the reckoning of the ship. Little did she think how soon her practical seamanship would be put to the test. As they were nearing the Straits of Magellan, her husband was taken with a disease which developed in a brain fever. When he could navigate his ship no longer, nor even give personal orders, he found to his dismay that his first officer was utterly incompetent to take charge, and that not an officer on board was qualified to take the ship into port. The first mate was anxious to run the vessel into Valparaiso, but this the captain earnestly forbade, or any other South American port, lest the crew might desert, and the cargo be destroyed before the consignees could send for the vessel. In this emergency, Mrs. Patten, de-

scribed to be "of medium stature, delicate complexion, black eyes, and much feminine softness and grace," assumed the command of the ship! The pastime of the former voyage was no play now. Between working up the intricate calculations of nautical observations, making entries in the log-book, and accurately tracing out the position of the ship on the chart; and studying medicine to know how to treat intelligently her sick husband, the whole woman and wife were developed. She shaved his head, applied soothing remedies, and eventually succeeded in carrying him through the crisis of his complaint. In the mean time the rough sailors obeyed "the little woman," as they called her, with a will.

About a week after she took the command, the mate wrote her a letter, reminding her of the dangers of the coast, and of the great responsibilities she had assumed, and offered to take charge of the ship. She replied that, as in the opinion of her husband he

was unfit for the office, she could not consent. Stung by this rebuff, he tried to stir up the crew to mutiny against her; but she called the other mates and sailors aft, and appealed to them to stand by her in this hour of trial. This they resolved to do, to a man; and it was most pleasing to witness the cheerful and prompt alacrity with which the noble fellows obeyed her orders.

By this time the ship was nearly up to the latitude of Valparaiso; the captain was partially recovered, though too weak for any mental or physical exertion, and the mate, under promise of good behavior, was partially performing duty. But she discovered that he was steering the ship off her course, and making for Valparaiso,—and apprised her husband of the fact. He called the mate before him to explain his conduct, when the mate replied that he could not keep the ship nearer her course. The captain then had his cot moved to a part of the cabin where he could keep his eye on

the compass, and found the mate still steering for Valparaiso. To put a stop to further annoyance from this source, he ordered all hands aft, when he deposed the first mate, and put the second in his place. Soon after he had a relapse, and for twenty-five days before reaching port, was totally blind. At length, after a voyage of one hundred and twenty days, Mrs. Captain Patten brought the ship safely into the Bay of San Francisco. Thence, with her sick husband, she came by steamer to New York, and home to Boston. In consideration of her heroism and fidelity, the underwriters in New York addressed her a handsome letter, inclosing a present of ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

THE sea captain was a large, frank, noble looking man. There was no one in the stage who could talk faster, laugh louder, or swear more fearfully. The stage was full, and all day they travelled together. Among other topics of conversation, the captain related an account of a terrible storm he had met with in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When the storm met them unexpectedly, they made all haste to take in sail, to get the spars down from their heights, to get every boat and every movable thing lashed. How the storm swept over the waters, making the waves curl and quiver as if in a continued shudder! Every thing was made taut and trim, the storm-sail set, the helm lashed, and then the men had done all they could. Surely and fast she drifted before the storm, toward

the rocky shores of Labrador; but no human power could manage the vessel. All day and all night she drifted, and then about sunrise struck upon a little island. There, for a few moments, she was lifted over rocks, till at last a huge wave placed her on a great rock, where she swung and writhed. All knew that she must soon go to pieces. So they went to work to make a raft, hoping that possibly they might thus reach land. Hardly had they got it done, when the poor, groaning vessel went all to pieces. The men shouted, "To the raft! to the raft!" Alas! the captain was the only one who got on to it and had tied himself to it. With many oaths he told how awful the scene—how the poor fellows struggled and tried to grasp the raft, but the waves dashed them off to rise no more.

"And there," said the captain, "I was alone. Not a thing saved, not a mouthful of food, not a drop of water! For three days and three nights I was on that raft,

till I was nearly gone, when a ship came near. I had just strength enough to hold up my red flannel shirt, which they saw, and came to my relief. I was too much exhausted to stand, or even to speak. My life hung by a hair. But here I am, on my way home, having lost all I had in the world."

The passengers were much interested in the captain's narration, and one silent gentleman got them to contribute a handsome sum, he giving the lion's share, which was delicately given to the captain. He seemed very grateful, and showed a great sense of relief.

In going up a long hill, just before night, the passengers all got out and walked up the hill. It was then that the silent gentleman found himself walking alone with the captain.

"Captain, may I ask you a question and not give offence?"

"Certainly, sir, and I'll be happy to answer it."

“ Well, sir, when you was on that raft alone, during those long days and nights, didn’t you solemnly promise the Lord that if he would spare you and save you, you would live a different life and serve him ? ”

“ None of your business, sir ! ” said the captain, reddening and drawing in his breath.

They got into the stage, and soon came to their lodging village. The captain was silent, and so was the silent man. The captain was to stop there and turn off in a different direction. At day-break the stage and the rest were to go on.

Just before the break of day, there was a knock at the chamber door of the silent man. He opened the door, having first kindled a light, and there stood the captain. His eyes were red, and his noble face was flushed, and his great bosom was heaving. He took the hand of the gentleman and sobbed, and heaved, and sobbed, and spoke.

“ Sir, I treated you rudely yesterday. I

come to ask your pardon. I did promise and vow to God on that raft that if he would spare me I would live a different life, and I would serve him ! Oh what a sinner I am ! I have not slept a wink all night. Will you, will you pray for me and forgive me ? ” The gentleman wept too, and promised all that he had asked, and then the stage drove up. They grasped each other’s hands, and parted never to meet again in this world ! Will they meet in the next ?



STICKING TO PRINCIPLE.

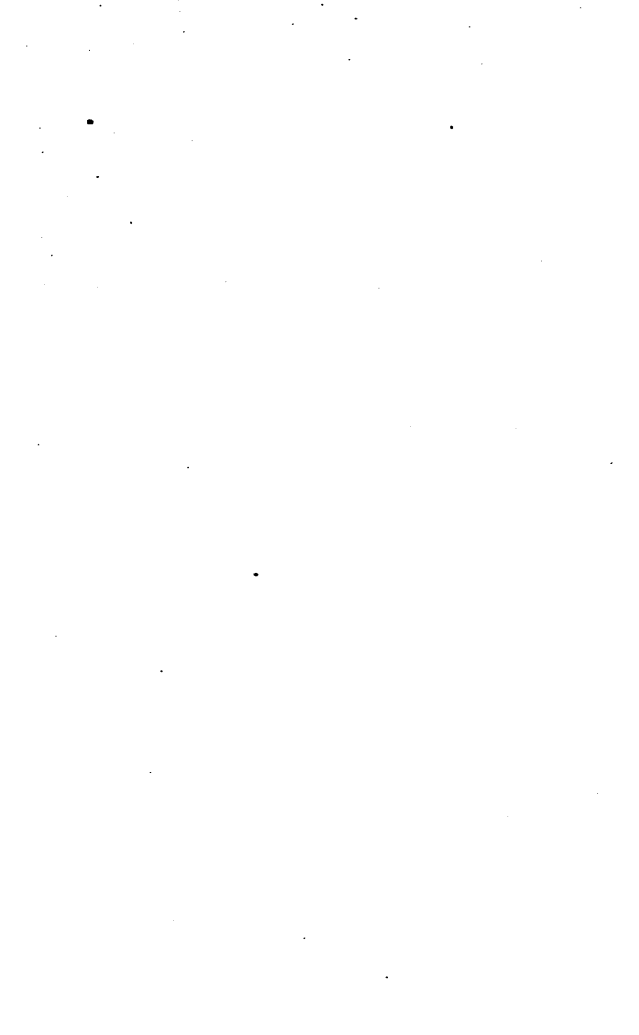
WHEN the ship Ocean Monarch was burning in the Irish Channel, August 25, 1848, Captain Knight and crew of the ship New World came to the rescue of her passengers and crew. Nobly and severely they toiled seven hours to save the perishing, — under orders from Captain Knight not to

leave the wreck while one soul remained on board needing assistance. Mr. Baalham, the third officer of the *New World*, had charge of one of the boats engaged in conveying the passengers from the burning ship to a Brazilian steamer which had come to anchor in the channel. Severe and protracted labor made them thirsty; and several times, on safely landing their precious freight on board the steamer, they asked for water. At length half a dozen bottles of liquor were thrown into the boat for them, which were instantly thrown overboard, the noble seamen indignantly demanding, "*What kind of refreshment is that for such men on such an occasion? Water! water is what we want.*"

"A CURRENT TOWARD THE CENTRE."

A SAILOR, on being told that the Tuscanville lake, in Florida, had become entirely

drained of its water, and its bed was now dry ; also, that the Orange lake was fast disappearing,—the water in both lakes running in a current toward the centre, and then mysteriously disappearing through some underground fissure, so as already to leave ten thousand acres of land dry,—replied : “ I understand it all—that is just my experience. I, too, have been drained dry in an underground way : my head of its wits ; my purse of its cash ; my back of its clothes ; my soul of its comfort, its self-respect, its every thing ; and all done by *a current toward the centre !* But that was before I signed the Temperance Pledge.



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